Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Sir Walter Scott.

Erik Schilling. 1914.

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LYRA HEROICA

A BOOK OF VERSE FOR BOYS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LONDON
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TO WALTER BLAIKIE

ARTIST PRINTER

MY PART IN THIS BOOK

W. E. H.

July 1891.

PREFACE

This book of verse for boys is, I believe, the first of its kind in English. Plainly, it were labour lost to go gleaning where so many experts have gone harvesting; and for what is rarest and best in English Poetry the world must turn, as heretofore, to the several 'Golden Treasuries' of Professor Palgrave and Mr. Coventry Patmore, and to the excellent 'Poets' Walk' of Mr. Mowbray Morris. My purpose has been to choose and sheave a certain number of those achievements in verse which, as expressing the simpler sentiments and the more elemental emotions, might fitly be addressed to such boys—and men, for that matter—as are privileged to use our noble English tongue.

To set forth, as only art can, the beauty and the joy of living, the beauty and the blessedness of death, the glory of battle and adventure, the nobility of devotion—to a cause, an ideal, a passion even—the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism, that is my ambition here. Now, to read poetry at all is to have an ideal anthology of one's own, and in that possession to be incapable of content with the anthologies of all the world besides. That is, the personal equation is ever to be reckoned withal, and I have had my preferences, as those that went before me had theirs. I have omitted much, as Aytoun's 'Lays,' whose absence many will resent; I have included much, as that brilliant piece of doggerel of Frederick Marryat's, whose presence some will regard with

distress. This without reference to enforcements due to the very nature of my work.

I have adopted the birth-day order: for that is the simplest. And I have begun with—not Chaucer, nor Spenser, nor the ballads, but—Shakespeare and Agincourt; for it seemed to me that a book of heroism could have no better starting-point than that heroic pair of names. As for the ballads, I have placed them, after much considering, in the gap between old and new, between classic and romantic, in English verse. The witness of Sidney and Drayton's example notwithstanding, it is not until 1765, *when Percy publishes the 'Reliques,' that the ballad spirit begins to be the master influence that Wordsworth confessed it was: while as for the history of the matter, there are who hold that 'Sir Patrick Spens,' for example, is the work of Lady Wardlaw, which to others, myself among them, is a thing preposterous and distraught.*

It remains to add that, addressing myself to boys, I have not scrupled to edit my authors where editing seemed desirable, and that I have broken up some of the longer pieces for convenience in reading. Also, the help I have received while this book of 'Noble Numbers' was in course of growth —help in the way of counsel, suggestion, remonstrance, permission to use—has been such that it taxes gratitude and makes complete acknowledgment impossible.

W. E. H.

The Sixth and following editions are issued with Additional Notes compiled by Mr. W. W. Greg and Mr. L. Cope Cornford, with the Editor's sanction and approval.

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FOR I TRUST IF AN ENEMY'S FLEET CAME YONDER
ROUND BY THE HILL,
AND THE RUSHING BATTLE-BOLT SANG FROM THE
THREE-DECKER OUT OF THE FOAM,
THAT THE SMOOTH-FACED SNUB-NOSED ROGUE
WOULD LEAP FROM HIS COUNTER AND TILL,
AND STRIKE, IF HE COULD, WERE IT BUT WITH
HIS CHEATING YARDWAND, HOME.

TENNYSON.

LYRA HEROICA

LYRA HEROICA

I

AGINCOURT

INTROIT

O FOR a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should Famine, Sword and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraisèd spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O pardon! since a crookèd figure may
Attest in little place a million,
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,

Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass.

INTERLUDE

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries:
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault: France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have for the gilt of France—O guilt indeed!—
Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton!—

HARFLEUR

Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton Pier
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing!

For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Or passed or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enriched
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
And down goes all before them!

THE EVE

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face;

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice,
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night
Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruined band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty,

That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night—
And so our scene must to the battle fly.

Shakespeare

THE BATTLE

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour,
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power:

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;

Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
'Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazèd.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me;
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.'

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen;
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there:
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces!
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;

None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it,
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another!

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry.
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

Drayton.

AFTER

Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouthed sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now

You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruisèd helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in!

Shakespeare.

II

LORD OF HIMSELF

How happy is he born or taught
  Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his highest skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
  Whose soul is still prepared for death—
Not tied unto the world with care
  Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

Who hath his ear from rumours freed;
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise,
Nor rules of state but rules of good;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend—

This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

Wotton.

III

TRUE BALM

High-spirited friend,
I send nor balms nor corsives to your wound;
Your faith hath found
A gentler and more agile hand to tend
The cure of that which is but corporal,
And doubtful days, which were named critical,
Have made their fairest flight
And now are out of sight.
Yet doth some wholesome physic for the mind,
Wrapped in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you misapply
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that fair honour it hath gained,
Must now be reined.
True valour doth her own renown commend
In one full action; nor have you now more
To do than be a husband of that store.
Think but how dear you bought
This same which you have caught—
Such thoughts will make you more in love with truth.
'Tis wisdom, and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

IV

HONOUR IN BUD

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May:
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.

Jonson.

V

THE JOY OF BATTLE

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in;
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;
Bows, bills, glaives, arrows, shields, and spears!

Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring;
O view the wings of horse the meadows scouring!
The vanguard marches bravely. Hark, the drums!
Dub, dub!

They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes:
See how the arrows fly
That darken all the sky!
Hark how the trumpets sound!
Hark how the hills rebound—
Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara!

Hark how the horses charge! in, boys! boys, in!
The battle totters; now the wounds begin:
O how they cry!
O how they die!
Room for the valiant Memnon, armed with thunder!
See how he breaks the ranks asunder!
They fly! they fly! Eumenes has the chase,
And brave Polybius makes good his place:
To the plains, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the floods,
They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow!
Hark how the soldiers hollow!
Hey, hey!

Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his soldiers fled;
The battle's won, and lost,
That many a life hath cost.

VI

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Mortality, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep beneath this heap of stones!
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands.
Here from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, 'In greatness is no trust,'
Here is an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royall'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin.
Here the bones of birth have cried,
'Though gods they were, as men they died.'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Beaumont.

VII

GOING A-MAYING

Get up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn:
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:

Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree!
Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not drest,
Nay, not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the spring-time fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth! Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green and trimmed with trees! see how
Devotion gives each house a bough

Or branch! each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad: and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth ere this is come
Back and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament:
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked: yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

VIII

TO ANTHEA

WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see;
And, having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress-tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

Herrick.

IX

MEMENTO MORI

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky—
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber never gives,
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

I

THE KING OF KINGS

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things:
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels when they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on their brow—
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

XI

LYCIDAS

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string;
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westering
wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows,
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to Shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream
'Had ye been there,' . . . for what could that have
done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood!
But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakèd promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
'Ah! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?'
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how
to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They
are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills
While the still morn went out with sandals grey;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

XII

ARMS AND THE MUSE

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED ON THE CITY

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

XIII

TO THE LORD GENERAL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

XIV

THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,

When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XV

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask: but patience, to prevent
That murmur soon replies: 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

XVI

EYELESS AT GAZA

This, this is he; softly a while;
Let us not break in upon him.
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused
With languished head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandonèd,
And by himself given over,
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and soiled.
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renowned,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarmed
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid;
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered cuirass,
Chalybean-tempered steel, and frock of mail
Adamantéan proof:
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanced,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors turned
Their plated backs under his heel,
Or grovelling soiled their crested helmets in the dust.

XVII

OUT OF ADVERSITY

O how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppressed,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth!
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour armed;
Their armouries and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With wingèd expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

Milton.

XVIII

HEROIC LOVE

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy;

For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone:
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But, if thou wilt prove faithful then
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays
And love thee more and more.

Montrose.

XIX

GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, Dear, so much
Loved I not Honour more.

XX

FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The Gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinèd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

Lovelace.

XXI

TWO KINGS

The forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unusèd armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide;

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous or enemy,
And with such to inclose
Is more than to oppose;

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould.

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain
(But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak),

Nature, that hated emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtile fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case,

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn:
While round the armèd bands,
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power:
So, when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate!

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed:
So much one man can do
That doth both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust;

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand
(How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey!),

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his party-coloured mind,
But from this valour sad
Shrink underneath the plaid;

Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son
March indefatigably on,
And for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect:

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain,
A power must it maintain.

XXII

IN EXILE

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the Ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song.
'What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage:
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon he stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
O let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay!'
Thus sang they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Marvell.

XXIII

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god;
Affects to nod
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of Chance below;

And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sang, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy:
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen fired another Troy!

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Dryden.

XXIV

THE QUIET LIFE

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blast or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend:
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting Nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest caverns known,
His ready help was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gains disdained by pride:
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the eternal Master found
His single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then, with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

XXV

CHEVY-CHACE

THE HUNTING

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and bear away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deere:
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouse the deere againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all with special care
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
And with their cryes the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deere:
Quoth he, 'Erle Douglas promisèd
This day to meet me here,

But if I thought he wold not come
No longer wold I stay.'
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

'Lo, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede':
'O, cease your sports,' Erle Percy said,
'And take your bowes with speede;

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance,
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
And with him break a speare.'

THE CHALLENGE

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

'Show me,' said he, 'whose men ye be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deere.'

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he;

Who sayd, 'We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be,

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.'
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

'Ere thus I will out-bravèd be,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.'
'Accurst be he,' Erle Percy said,
'By whom this is denied.'

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, 'I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
Ye be two erles,' said Witherington,
'And I a squier alone:

Ile do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand:

While I have power to wield my sword,
  Ile fight with heart and hand.'

THE BATTLE

Our English archers bent their bowes,
  Their hearts were good and trew,
At the first flight of arrowes sent,
  Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Erle Douglas on the bent,
  As Chieftain stout and good.
As valiant Captain, all unmoved
  The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
  As leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
  Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
  They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
  All firmly kept their ground,

And, throwing strait their bowes away,
  They grasped their swords so bright,
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
  On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
  No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
  Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there!

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood like drops of rain
They trickling downe did feele.

'Yield thee, Lord Percy,' Douglas said;
'In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish king:

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see.'

'No, Douglas,' quoth Erle Percy then,
'Thy proffer I do scorne;
I will not yield to any Scot,
That ever yet was borne.'

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
'Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.'

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, 'Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land!

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take.'

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called
Who, with a speare most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And past the English archers all,
Without or dread or feare,
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful speare.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine!
An English archer then perceived
The noble Erle was slaine:

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he;

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose-winge that was thereon
In his heart's bloode was wet.

This fight did last from breake of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

THE SLAIN

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold barón;

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;

For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foote would never flee;

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's sonne was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet saved he could not be;

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scottish speares,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three:
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widdowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle;

Their bodyes, bathed in purple gore,
They bore with them away;
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

THE TIDINGS

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scotland's king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

'O heavy newes,' King James did say,
'Scotland may witnesse be,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as he.'

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace:

'Now God be with him,' said our king,
'Sith it will no better be;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as he:

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take:
I'll be revengèd on them all,
For brave Erle Percy's sake.'

This vow full well the king performed
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renowne,

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye.

Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Erle Percye.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plentye, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

XXVI

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
'O whaur will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine?'

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee:
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.'

Our King has written a braid letter
And sealed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The King's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud lauchèd he;

The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the King of me,
To send us out at this time o' year
To sail upon the sea?

Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The King's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis we must bring her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's goud
And a' our Queenis fee.'
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

For I brought as mickle white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud
Out-o'er the sea wi' me.

Mak' ready, mak' ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.'

'Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

'O where will I get a gude sailor
To tak' my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak' the helm in hand,
Till you gae up to the tall topmast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out o' our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in.'

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,

And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam' in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their milk-white hands;
But lang ere a' the play was ower
They wat their gowden bands.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon;
But lang ere a' the play was played
They wat their hats aboon.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit
Wi' their fans intill their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

XXVII

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY

The fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:

The most conspicuous officers
Were English captains three,
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was he:
The other, Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with forty thousand then
Upon the bloody shore.

'Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
And shoot you right, you bow-men,
And we will keep them out:
You musquet and cailiver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the bravest man in fight,'
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail:
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most piteous for to see,
But nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all men's view
This fight endurèd sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more;
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
That could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneelèd on the ground,
And praisèd God devoutly
For the favour they had found;
And bearing up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And cutting tow'rds the Spaniard,
Five thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows
And bullets thick did fly;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously:
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee:
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
'Come, let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoilèd all
If that we longer stay:

For yonder comes Lord Willoughby
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of ground
For all the devils in hell.'

And when the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously
To rout his forces quite;
And at last they gave a shout
Which echoed through the sky:
'God, and St. George for England!'
The conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious Queen was told
Of this same victory.
'O! this is brave Lord Willoughby,
My love that ever won:
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done!'

To the soldiers that were maimèd,
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day,
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free:
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed!
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our country free.
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

XXVIII

HUGHIE THE GRÆME

Good Lord Scroope to the hills is gane,
Hunting of the fallow deer;
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme
For stealing of the Bishop's mare.

'Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be!
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tried.'

'I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time.'

But as they were dealing their blows so free,
And both so bloody at the time,
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take bold Hughie the Græme.

O then they grippit Hughie the Græme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town:
The lads and lasses stood on the walls,
Crying, 'Hughie the Græme, thou'se ne'er gae down!'

'O loose my right hand free,' he says,
'And gie me my sword o' the metal sae fine,
He's no in Carlisle town this day
Daur tell the tale to Hughie the Græme.'

Up then and spake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the Bishop's knee,
'Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,
If ye'll grant Hughie the Græme to me.'

'O haud your tongue,' the Bishop says,
'And wi' your pleading let me be;
For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
They suld be hangit a' for me.'

Up then and spake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the Bishop's knee,
'A peck o' white pennies, my good lord,
If ye'll grant Hughie the Græme to me.'

'O haud your tongue now, lady fair,
Forsooth, and so it sall na be;
Were he but the one Graham of the name,
He suld be hangit high for me.'

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
He lookèd to the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blink his e'e.

He lookèd over his left shoulder
To try whatever he could see,
And he was aware of his auld father,
Tearing his hair most piteouslie.

'O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me fro' Heaven hie.

And ye may gie my brither John
My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
And let him come at twelve o'clock,
And see me pay the Bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brither James
My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
And bid him come at four o'clock,
And see his brither Hugh cut down.

And ye may tell my kith and kin
I never did disgrace their blood;
And when they meet the Bishop's cloak,
To mak' it shorter by the hood.'

XXIX

KINMONT WILLIE

THE CAPTURE

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae ta'en bold Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his cumpanie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him fivesome on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
And also thro' the Carlisle sands;
They brought him on to Carlisle castle
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

'My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And wha will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bold Buccleuch?'

'Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set thee free:
Before ye cross my castle yett,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me.'

'Fear na ye that, my lord,' quo' Willie:
'By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope,' he said,
'I never yet lodged in a hostelrie
But I paid my lawing before I gaed.'

THE KEEPER'S WRATH

Now word is gane to the bold Keeper,
In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,

That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garred the red wine spring on hie:
'Now a curse upon my head,' he said,
'But avengèd of Lord Scroope I'll be!

O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly me!

And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bold Buccleuch
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bold Buccleuch
Can back a steed or shake a spear?

O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castle high,
Though it were builded of marble stone.

I would set that castle in a lowe,
And slocken it with English blood!
There's never a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle castle stood.

But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be,

I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!'

THE MARCH

He has called him forty Marchmen bold,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, called
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has called him forty Marchmen bold,
Were kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,
And gluves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright:
And five and five cam' wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, arrayed for fight.

And five and five like a mason gang
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five like broken men;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we crossed the 'Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Whae suld it be but fause Sakelde?

'Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?'
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'
'We go to hunt an English stag
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie.'

'Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?'
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell me true!'
'We go to catch a rank reiver
Has broken faith wi' the bold Buccleuch.'

'Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders lang and hie?'
'We gang to herry a corbie's nest
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.'

'Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?'
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the never a word of lear had he.

'Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!' quo' he;
The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-Bank the Eden we crossed;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the never a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw-Bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the Laird garred leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and neigh.

And when we left the Staneshaw-Bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead:
'Had there not been peace between our lands
Upon the other side thou'dst gaed!

Now sound out, trumpets!' quo' Buccleuch;
'Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!'
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew
O wha dare meddle wi' me?

THE RESCUE

Then speedilie to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulters and wi' forehammers
We garred the bars bang merrilie,
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam' to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie:

'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?'

'O I sleep saft, and I wake aft;
It's lang since sleeping was fleyed frae me!
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that spier for me.'

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale:
'Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!' he cried;
'I'll pay you for my lodging maill,
When first we meet on the Border side.'

Then shoulder high with shout and cry
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns played clang.

'O mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

And mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I've pricked a horse out oure the furs;
But since the day I backed a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!'

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-Bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,

And a thousand men on horse and foot
Cam' wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he:
'If ye like na my visit in merrie England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!'

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

'He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie.'

XXX

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL

Attend you, and give ear awhile,
And you shall understand
Of a battle fought upon the seas
By a ship of brave command.
The fight it was so glorious
Men's hearts it did fulfill,
And it made them cry, 'To sea, to sea,
With the Angel Gabriel!'

This lusty ship of Bristol
  Sailed out adventurously
Against the foes of England,
  Her strength with them to try:
Well victualled, rigged, and manned she was,
  With good provision still,
Which made men cry, 'To sea, to sea,
  With the Angel Gabriel!'

The Captain, famous Netherway
  (That was his noble name):
The Master—he was called John Mines—
  A mariner of fame:
The Gunner, Thomas Watson,
  A man of perfect skill:
With many another valiant heart
  In the Angel Gabriel.

They waving up and down the seas
  Upon the ocean main,
'It is not long ago,' quoth they,
  'That England fought with Spain:
O would the Spaniard we might meet
  Our stomachs to fulfil!
We would play him fair a noble bout
  With our Angel Gabriel!'

They had no sooner spoken
  But straight appeared in sight
Three lusty Spanish vessels
  Of warlike trim and might;

With bloody resolution
They thought our men to spill,
And they vowed that they would make a prize
Of our Angel Gabriel.

Our gallant ship had in her
Full forty fighting men:
With twenty piece of ordnance
We played about them then,
With powder, shot, and bullets
Right well we worked our will,
And hot and bloody grew the fight
With our Angel Gabriel.

Our Captain to our Master said,
'Take courage, Master bold!'
Our Master to the seamen said,
'Stand fast, my hearts of gold!'
Our Gunner unto all the rest,
'Brave hearts, be valiant still!
Fight on, fight on in the defence
Of our Angel Gabriel!'

We gave them such a broadside,
It smote their mast asunder,
And tore the bowsprit off their ship,
Which made the Spaniards wonder,
And causèd them in fear to cry,
With voices loud and shrill,
'Help, help, or sunken we shall be
By the Angel Gabriel!'

So desperately they boarded us
For all our valiant shot,
Threescore of their best fighting men
Upon our decks were got;
And lo! at their first entrances
Full thirty did we kill,
And thus with speed we cleared the deck
Of our Angel Gabriel.

With that their three ships boarded us
Again with might and main,
But still our noble Englishmen
Cried out, 'A fig for Spain!'
Though seven times they boarded us
At last we showed our skill,
And made them feel what men we were
On the Angel Gabriel.

Seven hours this fight continued:
So many men lay dead,
With Spanish blood for fathoms round
The sea was coloured red.
Five hundred of their fighting men
We there outright did kill,
And many more were hurt and maimed
By our Angel Gabriel.

Then, seeing of these bloody spoils,
The rest made haste away:
For why, they said, it was no boot
The longer there to stay.

Then they fled into Calès,
Where lie they must and will
For fear lest they should meet again
With our Angel Gabriel.

We had within our English ship
But only three men slain,
And five men hurt, the which I hope
Will soon be well again.
At Bristol we were landed,
And let us praise God still,
That thus hath blest our lusty hearts
And our Angel Gabriel.

XXXI

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O thinkna ye my heart was sair
When my love dropt down, and spak' nae mair?
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide
On fair Kirkconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma'
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair beyond compare!
I'll mak' a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee!

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste, and come to me!'

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies
For her sake that died for me.

XXXII

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane:
The tane unto the tither say,
'Where sall we gang and dine the day?'

'In behint yon auld fail dyke
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
Sae we may mak' our dinner sweet.

Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane:
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

XXXIII

THE BARD

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array:
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the Poet stood
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air),
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
'Hark, how each giant oak and desert-cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;

Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue
That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
Smeared with gore and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affirighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries!—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line

'Weave the warp and weave the woof
The winding-sheet of Edward's race:
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year and mark the night
When Severn shall re-echo with affright

The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

'Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That hushed in grim repose expects his evening prey.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head!
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof; the thread is spun;)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove; the work is done.)
Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track that fires the western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But O! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

'Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line:
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play?
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

'The verse adorn again
Fierce War and faithful Love
And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskined measures move
Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the cherub-choir
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see

The different doom our fates assign:
Be thine Despair and sceptred Care,
To triumph and to die are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Gray.

XXXIV

THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

XXXV

BOADICEA

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief:

'Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish,—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought, and died,
Dying, hurled them at the foe:

'Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.'

Cowper

XXXVI

TO HIS LADY

If doughty deeds my lady please
Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture at my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.

If sweetest sounds can win thine ear
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

Graham of Gartmore.

XXXVII

CONSTANCY

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore to be once more
Safe moored with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And surges roaring from below,
Shall my signal be to think on thee,
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low—

And on that night, when all the crew,
The memory of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives
I'll heave a sigh and think on thee,
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my song shall be:
Blow high, blow low—

XXXVIII

THE PERFECT SAILOR

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below, he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair;

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed,
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

Dibdin.

XXXIX

THE DESERTER

If sadly thinking,
With spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking
My cares compose,
A cure for sorrow
From sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow
Would end my woes.
But as in wailing
There's nought availing,
And Death unfailing
Will strike the blow,

Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry
Before we go.

To joy a stranger,
A way-worn ranger,
In every danger
My course I've run;
Now hope all ending,
And Death befriending,
His last aid lending,
My cares are done:
No more a rover,
Or hapless lover,
My griefs are over,
My glass runs low;
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry
Before we go!

Curran.

XL

THE ARETHUSA

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza for the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemmed the dashing wave;

Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie,
The Arethusa seemed to fly,
Not a sheet, or a tack,
Or a brace, did she slack;
Though the Frenchman laughed and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hailed the Frenchman, 'Ho!'
The Frenchman then cried out 'Hallo!'
'Bear down, d'ye see,
To our Admiral's lee!'
'No, no,' says the Frenchman, 'that can't be!
'Then I must lug you along with me,'
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick could stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill his glass
To his fav'rite lass;
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa.

Prince Hoare.

XLI

THE BEAUTY OF TERROR

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Blake.

XLII

DEFIANCE

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie:
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
On monie a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword!
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avengèd be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring and danced it round
Below the gallows tree.

XLIII

THE GOAL OF LIFE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

XLIV

BEFORE PARTING

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

XLV

DEVOTION

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That mak the miser's treasure poor.
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw:

Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the toun,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

XLVI

TRUE UNTIL DEATH

It was a' for our rightfu' King,
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land farewell,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore;
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear,
Adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again,
My dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa,
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

Burns.

XLVII

VENICE

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,

She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

XLVIII

DESTINY

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

XLIX

THE MOTHERLAND

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart

When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
But when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled.
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

L

IDEAL

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
O raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

LI

TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
May joy be theirs while life shall last!
And Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O let my weakness have an end!

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

LII

TWO VICTORIES

I SAID, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long,
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy Youth,
And thankful through a weary time
That brought him up to manhood's prime.
Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a Child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-Tarn did wait on him;
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality;

And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
Moved to and fro, for his delight.
He knew the rocks which Angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant;
He hath kenned them taking wing:
And into caves where Faeries sing
He hath entered; and been told
By Voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be;
And, if that men report him right,
His tongue could whisper words of might.
Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls:
'Quell the Scot!' exclaims the Lance;
'Bear me to the heart of France,'
Is the longing of the Shield;
Tell thy name, thou trembling field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored
Like a reappearing Star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!

LIII

IN MEMORIAM

NELSON: PITT: FOX

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But O my Country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise;
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasped the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart!
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave;
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where'er his country's foes were found
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launched that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave!
His worth, who in his mightiest hour
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,
The pride he would not crush restrained,
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne:
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,

The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

O think, how to his latest day,
When death, just hovering, claimed his prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till in his fall with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallowed day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, PITT, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employed, and wanted most;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;

And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppressed,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
'All peace on earth, good-will to men';
If ever from an English heart,
O, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record, that Fox a Briton died!
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
The sullied olive-branch returned,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nailed her colours to the mast!
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honoured grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and Fox alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
'Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom fate made Brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen?'

LIV

LOCHINVAR

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, 'Twere better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

LV

FLODDEN

THE MARCH

Next morn the Baron climbed the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power
Encamped on Flodden edge:
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion looked: at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines:
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For flashing on the hedge of spears
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watched the motions of some foe
Who traversed on the plain below.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,

And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel bridge.
High sight it is and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rocks deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?

What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
  Inactive on his steed,
And sees beween him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
  His host Lord Surrey lead?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
  Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry 'Saint Andrew and our right!'
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn!
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

THE ATTACK

'But see! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
  And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till
  Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
  As down the hill they broke;

Nor martial shout nor minstrel tone
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
  At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
  King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
  Until at weapon-point they close.
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
  And such a yell was there
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
  And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And first the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave;
  But nought distinct they see:

Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
  Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright
Still bear them bravely in the fight:
  Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
  With Huntly and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain: but Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
  The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
  Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:

Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced, forced back, now low, now high,
The pennon sank and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.

THE LAST STAND

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home?
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side
Afar the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies
Our Caledonian pride!

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.

The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band

Disordered through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to town and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

LVI

THE CHASE

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint from farther distance borne
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
'To arms! the foemen storm the wall,'
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprang from his heathery couch in haste.

But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back:
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rang out,
A hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon from her cairn on high
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,

And silence settled wide and still
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain-side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood grey
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,
For twice that day from shore to shore
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For jaded now and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came
And all but won that desperate game;
For scarce a spear's length from his haunch
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds staunch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The Hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay
Where that huge rampart barred the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death-halloo
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew;
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
Then touched with pity and remorse
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.

'I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant grey!'

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped with slow and crippled pace
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his way,
To join some comrade of the day.

LVII

THE OUTLAW

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily:

'O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.'

'If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blythe as Queen of May.'

Yet sang she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

I read you, by your bugle-horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a Ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood.'
'A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.'

Yet sang she 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

With burnished brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum.'
'I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

And O! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die!
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.'

LVIII

PIBROCH

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

LIX

THE OMNIPOTENT

'Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou agèd carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?'

'Know'st thou not me?' the Deep Voice cried;
So long enjoyed, so often misused,
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When TIME and thou shalt part for ever!'

LX

THE RED HARLAW

THE herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen, great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rang frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see:
'Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie:

What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril:
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?'

'Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne.'

LXI

FAREWELL

Farewell! Farewell! the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you;
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controlling check,
Must give the word, above the storm,
To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,
The hand that shook when pressed to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase,
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,
Honour or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!

LXII

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!'

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.'

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes:
'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

'There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

'There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!'

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

Sir Walter Scott.

LXIII

ROMANCE

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,

That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Coleridge.

LXIV

SACRIFICE

Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the King
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said,
'O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old-age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood
While I was resting on her knee both arms
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might he not also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?'
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it, but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.
'O father! say'st thou nothing? Hear'st thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,

Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?'
He moved her gently from him, silent still,
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Although she saw fate nearer: then with sighs,
'I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimmed
Her polisht altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have asked of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;
And (after those who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.
But, father! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone.' . . .
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turned away; not far, but silent still.
She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she raised her voice.
'O father! if the ships are now detained,
And all your vows move not the Gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them: and purer can there be

Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?'
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without
One word, stept slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried,
'O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail.'

Landor.

LXV

SOLDIER AND SAILOR

I LOVE contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story!

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy; *they* could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live-long day laborious; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description, wretched: such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder.

From neighb'ring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:—

'Rash man, that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned;
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned.'

'I have no sweetheart,' said the lad;
'But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.'

'And so thou shalt,' Napoleon said,
'Ye've both my favour fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son.'

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
But *never* changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

LXVI

'YE MARINERS'

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,

As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

LXVII

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;

While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane,
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Now joy, Old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Campbell

LXVIII

BATTLE SONG

Day, like our souls, is fiercely dark;
What then? 'Tis day!
We sleep no more; the cock crows—hark!
To arms! away!
They come! they come! the knell is rung
Of us or them;
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
Of gold and gem.
What collared hound of lawless sway,
To famine dear,
What pensioned slave of Attila,
Leads in the rear?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar
Our blood to spill?
Wear they the livery of the Czar?
They do his will.
Nor tasselled silk, nor epaulette,
Nor plume, nor torse—
No splendour gilds, all sternly met,
Our foot and horse.

But, dark and still, we inly glow,
Condensed in ire!
Strike, tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
Our gloom is fire.
In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
Insults the land;
Wrongs, vengeance, and *the cause* are ours,
And God's right hand!
Madmen! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod!
Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God!
Behind, before, above, below,
They rouse the brave;
Where'er they go, they make a foe,
Or find a grave.

Elliott.

LXIX

LOYALTY

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyaltie's begun for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save;
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave:
But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
'I'll shine on ye yet in yere ain countrie.'
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

LXX

A SEA-SONG

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Cunningham.

LXXI

A SONG OF THE SEA

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (O! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

Procter.

LXXII

SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:

Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LXXIII

THE STORMING OF CORINTH

THE SIGNAL

The night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one.
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The Morning from her mantle grey,
And the noon will look on a sultry day.

Hark to the trump, and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners that flit as they're borne,
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout, 'They come! they come!'
The horsetails are plucked from the ground, and the sword
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.
Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
That the fugitive may flee in vain,
When he breaks from the town; and none escape,
Aged or young, in the Christian shape;
While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit:
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before:
Forms in his phalanx each janizar;
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar;
The khan and the pachas are all at their post;
The vizier himself at the head of the host.
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;
Leave not in Corinth a living one—

A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
God and the prophet—Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
'There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale;
And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail?
He who first downs with the red cross may crave
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and have!'
Thus uttered Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier;
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire:—
Silence—hark to the signal—fire!

THE ASSAULT

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go,
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below;
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft renewed
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
Heaped by the host of the infidel,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot:
Nothing there, save death, was mute:
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter or for victory,

Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
Which makes the distant cities wonder
How the sounding battle goes,
If with them, or for their foes;
If they must mourn, or may rejoice
In that annihilating voice,
Which pierces the deep hills through and through
With an echo dread and new:
You might have heard it, on that day,
O'er Salamis and Megara;
(We have heard the hearers say,)
Even unto Piræus' bay.

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt;
But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
And all but the after carnage done.
Shriller shrieks now mingling come
From within the plundered dome:
Hark to the haste of flying feet
That splash in the blood of the slippery street;
But here and there, where 'vantage ground
Against the foe may still be found,
Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
Make a pause, and turn again—
With banded backs against the wall,
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.

There stood an old man—his hairs were white,
But his veteran arm was full of might:
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,

The dead before him, on that day,
In a semicircle lay;
Still he combated unwounded,
Though retreating, unsurrounded.
Many a scar of former fight
Lurked beneath his corselet bright;
But of every wound his body bore,
Each and all had been ta'en before:
Though aged, he was so iron of limb,
Few of our youth could cope with him,
And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
Outnumbered his thin hairs of silver grey.
From right to left his sabre swept;
Many an Othman mother wept
Sons that were unborn, when dipped
His weapon first in Moslem gore,
Ere his years could count a score.
Of all he might have been the sire
Who fell that day beneath his ire:
For, sonless left long years ago,
His wrath made many a childless foe;
And since the day, when in the strait
His only boy had met his fate,
His parent's iron hand did doom
More than a human hecatomb.
If shades by carnage be appeased,
Patroclus' spirit less was pleased
Than his, Minotti's son, who died
Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.
Buried he lay, where thousands before
For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore;

What of them is left, to tell
Where they lie, and how they fell?
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves;
But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

THE MAGAZINE

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,
Minotti stood o'er the altar-stone:
Madonna's face upon him shone,
Painted in heavenly hues above,
With eyes of light and looks of love;
And placed upon that holy shrine
To fix our thoughts on things divine,
When pictured there, we kneeling see
Her, and the boy-God on her knee,
Smiling sweetly on each prayer
To heaven, as if to waft it there.
Still she smiled; even now she smiles,
Though slaughter streams along her aisles.
Minotti lifted his aged eye,
And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,
Then seized a torch which blazed thereby;
And still he stood, while with steel and flame
Inward and onward the Mussulman came.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
Contained the dead of ages gone;
Their names were on the graven floor,
But now illegible with gore;
The carvèd crests, and curious hues
The varied marble's veins diffuse,

Were smeared, and slippery, stained, and strown
With broken swords and helms o'erthrown:
There were dead above, and the dead below
Lay cold in many a coffined row;
You might see them piled in sable state,
By a pale light through a gloomy grate;
But War had entered their dark caves,
And stored along the vaulted graves
Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
In masses by the fleshless dead:
Here, throughout the siege, had been
The Christians' chiefest magazine;
To these a late formed train now led,
Minotti's last and stern resource
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

The foe came on, and few remain
To strive, and those must strive in vain:
For lack of further lives, to slake
The thirst of vengeance now awake,
With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
And lop the already lifeless head,
And fell the statues from their niche,
And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,
And from each other's rude hands wrest
The silver vessels saints had blessed.
To the high altar on they go;
O, but it made a glorious show!
On its table still behold
The cup of consecrated gold;
Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes:

That morn it held the holy wine,
Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,
Which his worshippers drank at the break of day,
To shrive their souls ere they joined in the fray.
Still a few drops within it lay;
And round the sacred table glow
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
From the purest metal cast;
A spoil—the richest, and the last.

So near they came, the nearest stretched
To grasp the spoil he almost reached,
  When old Minotti's hand
Touched with the torch the train—
  'Tis fired!
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
  The turbaned victors, the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurl'd on high with the shivered fane,
  In one wild roar expired!
The shattered town—the walls thrown down—
The waves a moment backward bent—
The hills that shake, although unrent,
  As if an earthquake passed—
The thousand shapeless things all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven
  By that tremendous blast—
Proclaimed the desperate conflict o'er
On that too long afflicted shore:
Up to the sky like rockets go
All that mingled there below:

Many a tall and goodly man,
Scorched and shrivelled to a span,
When he fell to earth again
Like a cinder strewed the plain:
Down the ashes shower like rain;
Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles
With a thousand circling wrinkles:
Some fell on the shore, but far away
Scattered o'er the isthmus lay;
Christian or Moslem, which be they?
Let their mothers say and say!
When in cradled rest they lay,
And each nursing mother smiled
On the sweet sleep of her child,
Little deemed she such a day
Would rend those tender limbs away.
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more;
That one moment left no trace
More of human form or face
Save a scattered scalp or bone:
And down came blazing rafters, strown
Around, and many a falling stone,
Deeply dinted in the clay,
All blackened there and reeking lay.
All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappeared:
The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead;
The camels from their keepers broke;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—

The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein;
The bull-frog's note from out the marsh
Deep-mouthed arose, and doubly harsh;
The wolves yelled on the caverned hill
Where echo rolled in thunder still;
The jackals' troop in gathered cry
Bayed from afar complainingly,
With a mixed and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound:
With sudden wing and ruffled breast
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seemed so dun;
Their smoke assailed his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won!

LXXIV

ALHAMA

The Moorish King rides up and down,
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell:
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gained,
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain—
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware,
That bloody Mars recalled them there
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew,
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
'Wherefore call on us, O King?
What may mean this gathering?'
Woe is me, Alhama!

'Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow;

That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold.'
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
'Good King! thou art justly served,
Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the Chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And for this, O King! is sent
On thee a double chastisement:
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone.'
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,
The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama!

'There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings:'
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish King, and doomed him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The King hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

'Cavalier, and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth!
Let the Moorish Monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe.
Woe is me, Alhama!

But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the King his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives!

One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day.'
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'Twas carried, as the King decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

LXXV

FRIENDSHIP

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be, 'Peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!'

LXXVI

THE RACE WITH DEATH

O Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do?—anything but weep:
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,

Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.
O agony! that centuries should reap
No mellower harvest! Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turned to dust and tears,
And every monument the stranger meets,
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
And even the Lion all subdued appears,
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum
With dull and daily dissonance repeats
The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
The soft waves, once all musical to song,
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
Of gondolas and to the busy hum
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
Were but the overbeating of the heart,
And flow of too much happiness, which needs
The aid of age to turn its course apart
From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
But these are better than the gloomy errors,
The weeds of nations in their last decay,
When Vice walks forth with her unsoftened terrors,
And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay;
And Hope is nothing but a false delay,
The sick man's lightening half an hour ere death,
When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,
And apathy of limb, the dull beginning

Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning,
Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away;
Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,
To him appears renewal of his breath,
And freedom the mere numbness of his chain;
And then he talks of life, and how again
He feels his spirits soaring—albeit weak,
And of the fresher air, which he would seek:
And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
That his thin finger feels not what it clasps;
And so the film comes o'er him, and the dizzy
Chamber swims round and round, and shadows busy,
At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,
Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
And all is ice and blackness, and the earth
That which it was the moment ere our birth.

LXXVII

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
  Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
  The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
  Their place of birth alone is mute

To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And, musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now,
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush, for Greece a tear!

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no: the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, 'Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!'
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave;
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates:
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LXXVIII

HAIL AND FAREWELL

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus, and 'tis not here,
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here: up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Byron.

LXXIX

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

LXXX

THE OLD NAVY

The captain stood on the carronade: 'First lieutenant,' says he,
'Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory!

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man to his gun;
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory!'

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;
'I little thought,' said he, 'that your men were of such stuff';

Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow
made to *he;*
'I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I
wish to be.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as
I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've
gained the victory!'

Our captain sent for all of us: 'My merry men,' said
he,
'I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I
thankful be:
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood
to his gun;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have
flogged each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as
I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain
the victory!'

Marryat.

LXXXI

CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm:
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: 'Say, father! say
If yet my task is done!'
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

'Speak, father!' once again he cried,
'If I may yet be gone!'
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
He looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair,

And shouted but once more aloud,
'My father! must I stay?'
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—O! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea:

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part!
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

LXXXII

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conquerer comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—

They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

LXXXIII

TO THE ADVENTUROUS

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Keats.

LXXXIV

HORATIUS

THE TRYSTING

Lars Porsena of Clusium
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth
East and west and south and north
  To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
  Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
  Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
  Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
  From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet
  Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
  Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
  Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
  For godlike kings of old;
From sea-girt Populonia
  Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
  Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
  Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
  Heavy with fair-haired slaves;

From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium
This year old men shall reap;
This year young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna
This year the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
'Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome.'

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day!

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;

And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

THE TROUBLE IN ROME

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

For aged folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of waggons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

Now from the rock Tarpeian
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.

Out spake the Consul roundly:
'The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town.'

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
'To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here.'
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly
Above that glimmering line
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;

But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sate in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.

On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him, and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
'Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late:
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods,

And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?'

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,
A Ramnian proud was he:
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.'
And out spake strong Herminius,
Of Titian blood was he:
'I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.'

'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
'As thou sayest, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:

Then lands were fairly portioned;
  Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
  In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
  More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
  And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
  In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
  In the brave days of old.

THE KEEPING OF THE BRIDGE

Now while the Three were tightening
  Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
  To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
  Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
  And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
  Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
  Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
  A peal of warlike glee,

As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:

At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
'Lie there,' he cried, 'fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail.'

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard amongst the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.

Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he: 'The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?'

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak:
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
'And see,' he cried, 'the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?'

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.

There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried 'Forward!'
And those before cried 'Back!'
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.

'Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome.'

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
'Come back, come back, Horatius!'
Loud cried the Fathers all.
'Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!'

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But, when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane;
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

FATHER TIBER

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;

Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

'O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

'Curse on him!' quoth false Sextus;
'Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!'
'Heaven help him!' quoth Lars Porsena,
'And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.'

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;

When round the lonely cottage
  Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
  Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
  And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
  And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
  Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
  And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

LXXXV

THE ARMADA

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
  praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
  ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously: ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves!
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light:
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer;
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in.
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln
sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale
of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

LXXXVI

THE LAST BUCCANEER

The winds were yelling, the waves were swelling,
The sky was black and drear,
When the crew with eyes of flame brought the ship
without a name
Alongside the last Buccaneer.

'Whence flies your sloop full sail before so fierce a
gale,
When all others drive bare on the seas?
Say, come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador,
Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees?'

'From a shore no search hath found, from a gulf no line can sound,
Without rudder or needle we steer;
Above, below, our bark dies the sea-fowl and the shark,
As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

To-night there shall be heard on the rocks of Cape de Verde
A loud crash and a louder roar;
And to-morrow shall the deep with a heavy moaning sweep
The corpses and wreck to the shore.'

The stately ship of Clyde securely now may ride
In the breath of the citron shades;
And Severn's towering mast securely now hies fast,
Through the seas of the balmy Trades;

From St. Jago's wealthy port, from Havannah's royal fort,
The seaman goes forth without fear:
For since that stormy night not a mortal hath had sight
Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

LXXXVII

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH

To my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.

For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting place I asked—an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I speak like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

Macaulay.

LXXXVIII

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
'If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With "one and all," and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth! ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you.

Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!'

Hawker.

LXXXIX

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

THE MODEL

'Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!'

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.

And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, 'Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!'

And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labour might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.
And as he laboured, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all,
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
And he said with a smile, 'Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!'

It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;

Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

THE BUILDERS

In the ship-yard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

'Thus,' said he, 'will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;

For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!'

The Master's word
Enrapturèd the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah! how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labour well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still.
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came back again;
The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind;
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms and shining sands,

Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.

And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illume
The silent group in the twilight gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

IN THE SHIP-YARD

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!

And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamours
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men:—

'Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!'

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!
And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modelled from the Master's daughter.

On many a dreary and misty night
'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel in its flight
By a path none other knows aright.
Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell—those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them for evermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast head,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbours shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless.

THE TWO BRIDALS

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendours dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.
The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,

With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay
In honour of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the grey, old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head,
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock,

That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift with terrible force
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:

'Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.

Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level, and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!'

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!
And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,—
'Take her, O bridegroom, old and grey,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!'

XC

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

Othere, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery grey
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the colour of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the king he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

'So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains;
To the westward all is sea.

So far I live to the northward,
From the harbour of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas;—

Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep;—
I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night:
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light.'

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

'And now the land,' said Othere,
'Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore,
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 'twas a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand.'

Here Alfred, the Truth-Teller,
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
'Behold this walrus-tooth!'

XCI

THE CUMBERLAND

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop of war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

'Strike your flag!' the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
'Never' our gallant Morris replies;

'It is better to sink than to yield!'
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas,
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream!
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag that is rent in twain
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

XCII

A DUTCH PICTURE

Simon Danz has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maes, with its roof of tiles
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his grey mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maes.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, grey, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in colour and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of their ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times, with heavy strides
He paces his parlour to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
'Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!'

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

Longfellow.

XCIII

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

'Halt!'—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
'Fire!'—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

'Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

'Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Whittier.

XCIV

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:

'Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!'
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: ''Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?'

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: 'I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,

And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of
the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and
to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard
came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
bow.
'Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be
set.'
And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English
men.
Let us bang those dogs of Seville, the children of the
devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet.'

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a
hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the
foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety
sick below;
For half their fleet to the right and half to the left
were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on through the long sea-
lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their
decks and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad
little craft
Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen
hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us
like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought her-
self and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought
us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that
shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and
fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-
built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her
battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back
with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and
so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the
world before?

For he said, 'Fight on! fight on!'
Though his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer
night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and
the head,
And he said, 'Fight on! fight on!'

And the night went down and the sun smiled out
far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us
all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared
that we still could sting,

So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
'We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!'

And the gunner said, 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply:
'We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!'
And he fell upon their decks and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they manned the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;

When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke
from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to
moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
quake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-
shattered navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the
island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

XCV

THE HEAVY BRIGADE

The charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy
Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and
stayed;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding
by
When the points of the Russian lances arose in the
sky;
And he called, 'Left wheel into line!' and they
wheeled and obeyed.
Then he looked at the host that had halted he knew
not why,

And he turned half round, and he bad his trumpeter sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—
'Follow,' and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Followed the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Thousands of horsemen had gathered there on the height,
With a wing pushed out to the left and a wing to the right,
And who shall escape if they close? but he dashed up alone
Through the great grey slope of men,
Swayed his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then;
All in a moment followed with force
Three that were next in their fiery course,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made—
Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill,
Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

Fell like a cannon-shot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crashed like a hurricane,

Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And rolled them around like a cloud,—
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark grey sea,
And we turned to each other, whispering, all dismayed,
'Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's Brigade!'

'Lost one and all' were the words
Muttered in our dismay;
But they rode like Victors and Lords
Through the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;

Till suddenly shock upon shock
Staggered the mass from without,
Drove it in wild disarray,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the foeman surged, and wavered and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
And over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade!

Tennyson.

XCVI

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.

Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

XCVII

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

Eleven men of England
A breastwork charged in vain;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripped, and gashed, and slain.
Slain; but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well,
Some twenty had been mastered,
When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,
Then flashed at once, on each fierce clan, dismay,
Lord of their wild Truckee.
These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,
Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,
And, in that glorious error, calmly went
To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply
Above those daring dead;
'Bring here,' at length he shouted,
'Bring quick, the battle thread.
Let Eblis blast for ever
Their souls, if Allah will:
But we must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

Before the Ghiznee tiger
Leapt forth to burn and slay;

Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray;
Before Secunder's lances
Pierced through each Indian glen;
The mountain laws of honour
Were framed for fearless men.

Still, when a chief dies bravely,
We bind with green *one* wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
One crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, O gallant Hillmen,
For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting colour,
The green one or the red?'

'Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear
Their green reward,' each noble savage said;
'To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
Who dares deny the red?'

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came;
Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height
Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead;
From his good sword their heart's blood
Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried, 'The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true,

But though the red *be* given,
Have we not more to do?

These were not stirred by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader's signal
Was as the voice of God:
Unmoved, and uncomplaining,
The path it showed they trod.

As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah's finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went in the strength of duty
Straight to their goal of death.

'If I were now to ask you
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They called him Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

'The songs they sing of Rustum
Fill all the past with light;
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight.

But were those heroes living
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Rustum
Have climbed, like these, the hill?'

And they replied, 'Though Mehrab Khan was brave,
As chief, he chose himself what risks to run;
Prince Rustum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these had never done.'

'Enough!' he shouted fiercely;
Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
To the fiends' flaming den?'

Then all those gallant robbers
Shouted a stern 'Amen!'
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
They raised his mangled ten.
And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around BOTH wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier's knightly heart, touched to the core,
Rung, like an echo, to that knightly deed,
He bade its memory live for evermore,
That those who run may read.

XCVIII

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the North-west
died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
lay;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibral-
tar grand and grey;
'Here and here did England help me: how can I
help England?'—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

XCIX

HERVÉ RIEL

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred
ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to
France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the
blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of
sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the
Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor
in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
'Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—
or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!'

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt
on board;
'Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass?' laughed they:
'Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and
eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single
narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty
tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!'

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:

'Here's the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!'
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
Not a minute more to wait!
'Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on
the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

Give the word!' But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid
all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first,
second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville
for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, 'What mockery or malice have we here?'
cries Hervé Riel:
'Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river
disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the
lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of
Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I
know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!'
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
'Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!'
cried its chief.
'Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas 'Anchor!'—sure as fate
Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
'Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance,
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!'
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
'This is Paradise for Hell!

Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!'
What a shout, and all one word,
'Hervé Riel!'
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, 'My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
Damfreville.'

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
'Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the
Belle Aurore!'
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to
wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence
England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to
Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife, the
Belle Aurore!

Browning.

C

THE DYING FIREMAN

I AM the mashed fireman with breast-bone broken,
Tumbling walls buried me in their débris,
Heat and smoke I inspired, I heard the yelling
shouts of my comrades,

I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels,
They have cleared the beams away, they tenderly
lift me forth.

I lie in the night air in my red shirt, the pervading
hush is for my sake,
Painless after all I lie, exhausted but not so unhappy,
White and beautiful are the faces around me, the
heads are bared of their fire-caps,
The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches.

CI

A SEA-FIGHT

Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight?
Would you learn who won by the light of the moon
and stars?
List to the yarn, as my grandmother's father the
sailor told it to me.

Our foe was no skulk in his ship, I tell you (said he),
His was the surly English pluck, and there is no
tougher or truer, and never was, and never will be;
Along the lowered eve he came horribly raking us.

We closed with him, the yards entangled, the
cannon touched,
My captain lashed fast with his own hands.

We had received some eighteen-pound shots under
the water,
On our lower-gun-deck two large pieces had burst
at the first fire, killing all around and blowing
up overhead.

Fighting at sun-down, fighting at dark,
Ten o'clock at night, the full moon well up, our leaks on the gain, and five feet of water reported,
The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined in the after-hold to give them a chance for themselves.

The transit to and from the magazine is now stopt by the sentinels,
They see so many strange faces they do not know whom to trust.

Our frigate takes fire,
The other asks if we demand quarter?
If our colours are struck and the fighting done?

Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my little captain,
"We have not struck," he composedly cries, "we have just begun our part of the fighting."

Only three guns are in use,
One is directed by the captain himself against the enemy's main-mast,
Two well served with grape and canister silence his musketry and clear his decks.

The tops alone second the fire of this little battery, especially the main-top,
They hold out bravely during the whole of the action.

Not a moment's cease,
The leaks gain fast on the pumps, the fire eats toward the powder-magazine.

One of the pumps has been shot away, it is generally thought we are sinking.

Serene stands the little captain,
He is not hurried, his voice is neither high nor low,
His eyes give more light to us than our battle-lanterns.

Toward twelve, there in the beams of the moon, they surrender to us.'

CII

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?

Would the talkers be talking? would the singer
attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case
before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier, drums—you bugles,
wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer.
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's
entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they
lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you
bugles blow.

CIII

TWO VETERANS

The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking
Down a new-made double grave.

Lo! the moon ascending,
Up from the east the silvery round moon,
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom
moon,
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring,
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans son and father dropt together,
And the double grave awaits them).

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined,
('Tis some mother's large transparent face
In heaven brighter growing).

O strong dead-march you please me!
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

CIV

THE PLEASANT ISLE OF AVÈS

Oh England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round about;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Who flog men, and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone.

O the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold;

And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

O sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be;
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down were we.
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night;
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till, for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died;
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where;
One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse off there:
If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.

CV

A WELCOME

Welcome, wild North-easter.
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.

Hark! The brave North-easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas:
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.

Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

Kingsley.

CVI

THE BIRKENHEAD

Amid the loud ebriety of War,
With shouts of 'la République' and 'la Gloire,'
The Vengeur's crew, 'twas said, with flying flag
And broadside blazing level with the wave
Went down erect, defiant, to their grave
Beneath the sea. 'Twas but a Frenchman's brag,
Yet Europe rang with it for many a year.
Now we recount no fable; Europe, hear!
And when they tell thee 'England is a fen
Corrupt, a kingdom tottering to decay,
Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey
For the first comer,' tell how the other day
A crew of half a thousand Englishmen
Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay!

Not with the cheer of battle in the throat,
Or cannon-glare and din to stir their blood,
But, roused from dreams of home to find their boat

Fast sinking, mustered on the deck they stood,
Biding God's pleasure and their chief's command.
Calm was the sea, but not less calm that band
Close ranged upon the poop, with bated breath
But flinching not though eye to eye with Death!

Heroes! Who were those heroes? Veterans steeled
To face the King of Terrors mid the scaith
Of many an hurricane and trenchèd field?
Far other: weavers from the stocking-frame;
Boys from the plough; cornets with beardless chin,
But steeped in honour and in discipline!

Weep, Britain, for the Cape whose ill-starred name,
Long since divorced from Hope suggests but shame,
Disaster, and thy Captains held at bay
By naked hordes; but as thou weepest, thank
Heaven for those undegenerate sons who sank
Aboard the Birkenhead in Simon's Bay!

Yule.

CVII

APOLLO

Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silvered inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks.
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lulled by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flowered broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine,
—The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by the road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

—Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told?—
What will be for ever;
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
Of all things; and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men.

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.

CVIII

THE DEATH OF SOHRAB

THE DUEL

He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword; at once they rushed
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west; their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,

Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And labouring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bowed his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry;—
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert-lion, who all day
Hath trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.

But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted: *Rustum!*—Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed; back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form;
And then he stood bewildered; and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground;
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair—
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

SOHRAB

Then with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—
'Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.

Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old.'

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:—
'Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that beloved name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!'

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off; anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,

In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers—never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.
But, with a cold, incredulous voice he said:
'What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son.'
And with a failing voice Sohrab replied:
Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I,
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?
O could I live, till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old king, her father, who grows grey
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honour, when the war is done.
But a dark rumour will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
And then will that defenceless woman learn

That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more,
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain.'

THE RECOGNITION

He spoke, and as he ceased he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listened plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he called back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms.
And as he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deemed he; yet he listened plunged in thought;
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of that bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon; tears gathered in his eyes;
For he remembered his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain-lodge descries
A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old king, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,

They three, in that long-distant summer-time—
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him in grief, and said:
'O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved:
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son.
For Rustum had no son; one child he had—
But one—a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war.'
But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce,
And he desirèd to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die—
But first he would convince his stubborn foe;
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:
'Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear

That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore.'
He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks,
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailèd hand,
That the hard iron corslet clanked aloud;
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake and said:
'Sohrab, that were a proof that could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son.'
Then with weak hasty fingers Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And showed a sign in faint vermillion points
Pricked; as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermillion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands—
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old reared Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks;
Him that kind creature found, and reared, and loved—
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand and said:—
'How sayest thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?'

RUKSH THE HORSE

He spoke; but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless; and then he uttered one sharp cry:
O boy—thy father!—and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirched his hair—
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms;
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutched his sword,
To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said:
'Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it! but fate trod these promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this! I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!

Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say: *My son!*
Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be.'
So said he, and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
When they saw Rustum's grief; and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one, then to the other moved
His head, as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes
The big warm tears rolled down, and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:
'Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should first have rotted on their nimble joints,
Or ere they brought thy master to this field!'
But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said:—
'Is this, then, Ruksh? How often in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
My terrible father's terrible horse! and said,
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;

For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
And seen the river of Helmund, and the Lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter soaked with wine,
And said: *O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!*—but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
But lodged among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkman tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die.'

RUSTUM

Then with a heavy groan, Rustum bewailed:
'O that its waves were flowing over me!
O that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!'
But with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied:—
'Desire not that, my father! thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,

And reap a second glory in thine age;
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come! thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these!
Let me entreat for them; what have they done?
They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, nor send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all.
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:
Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies here,
Whom his great Father did in ignorance kill!
And I be not forgotten in my grave.'

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:
'Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.

And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go!
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace!
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all whom I have ever slain
Might be once more alive—my bitterest foes,
And they who were called champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have—
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine;
And say: *O Son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age,
And I shall never end this life of blood.'

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:
'A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave.'

NIGHT

And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said:
'Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure.'
He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream;—all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soiled,
Like the soiled issue of white violets
Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head drooped low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebbed, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead;
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars once high-reared
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps

Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain-side,
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge;
And Rustum and his son were left alone.
But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon;—he flowed
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foiled circuitous wanderer—till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

CIX

FLEE FRO' THE PRESS

O BORN in days when wits were fresh and clear
  And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
    Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
  Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts, was rife—
    Fly hence, our contact fear!
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!
  Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
  From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away and keep thy solitude!

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
  Still clutching the inviolable shade,
    With a free, onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silvered branches of the glade—
  Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
    On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
  Freshen thy flowers as in former years
  With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales!

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
  For strong the infection of our mental strife,
    Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,

Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfixed thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made;
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!
—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-haired creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Ægæan isles;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steeped in brine—
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves—
And snatched his rudder, and shook out more sail;
And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits; and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

CX

SCHOOL FENCIBLES

We come in arms, we stand ten score,
Embattled on the castle green;
We grasp our firelocks tight, for war
Is threatening, and we see our Queen.
And 'Will the churls last out till we
Have duly hardened bones and thews
For scouring leagues of swamp and sea
Of braggart mobs and corsair crews?'
We ask; we fear not scoff or smile
At meek attire of blue and grey,
For the proud wrath that thrills our isle
Gives faith and force to this array.
So great a charm is England's right,
That hearts enlarged together flow,
And each man rises up a knight
To work the evil-thinkers woe.
And, girt with ancient truth and grace,
We do our service and our suit,
And each can be, whate'er his race,
A Chandos or a Montacute.
Thou, Mistress, whom we serve to-day,
Bless the real swords that we shall wield,
Repeat the call we now obey
In sunset lands, on some fair field.
Thy flag shall make some Huron rock
As dear to us as Windsor's keep,
And arms thy Thames hath nerved shall mock
The surgings of th' Ontarian deep.

The stately music of thy Guards,
Which times our march beneath thy ken,
Shall sound, with spells of sacred bards,
From heart to heart, when we are men.
And when we bleed on alien earth,
We'll call to mind how cheers of ours
Proclaimed a loud uncourtly mirth
Amongst thy glowing orange bowers.
And if for England's sake we fall,
So be it, so thy cross be won,
Fixed by kind hands on silvered pall,
And worn in death, for duty done.
Ah! thus we fondle Death, the soldier's mate,
Blending his image with the hopes of youth
To hallow all; meanwhile the hidden fate
Chills not our fancies with the iron truth.
Death from afar we call, and Death is here,
To choose out him who wears the loftiest mien;
And Grief, the cruel lord who knows no peer,
Breaks through the shield of love to pierce our Queen.

CXI

THE TWO CAPTAINS

When George the Third was reigning a hundred years ago,
He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the foreign foe.
'You're not afraid of shot,' said he, 'you're not afraid of wreck,
So cruise about the west of France in the frigate called *Quebec*.

Quebec was once a Frenchman's town, but twenty years ago
King George the Second sent a man called General Wolfe, you know,
To clamber up a precipice and look into Quebec,
As you'd look down a hatchway when standing on the deck.

If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then so you can beat them now.
Before he got inside the town he died, I must allow.
But since the town was won for us it is a lucky name,
And you'll remember Wolfe's good work, and you shall do the same.'

Then Farmer said, 'I'll try, sir,' and Farmer bowed so low
That George could see his pigtail tied in a velvet bow.
George gave him his commission, and that it might be safer,
Signed 'King of Britain, King of France,' and sealed it with a wafer.

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate of his own,
And grander on his quarter-deck than George upon the throne.
He'd two guns in his cabin, and on the spar-deck ten,
And twenty on the gun-deck, and more than ten score men.

And as a huntsman scours the brakes with sixteen brace of dogs,
With two-and-thirty cannon the ship explored the fogs.

From Cape la Hogue to Ushant, from Rochefort to
Belleisle,
She hunted game till reef and mud were rubbing on
her keel.

The fogs are dried, the frigate's side is bright with
melting tar,
The lad up in the foretop sees square white sails
afar;
The east wind drives three square-sailed masts from
out the Breton bay,
And 'Clear for action!' Farmer shouts, and reefers
yell 'Hooray!'

The Frenchmen's captain had a name I wish I could
pronounce;
A Breton gentleman was he, and wholly free from
bounce,
One like those famous fellows who died by guillotine
For honour and the fleurs-de-lys and Antoinette the
Queen.

The Catholic for Louis, the Protestant for George,
Each captain drew as bright a sword as saintly smiths
could forge;
And both were simple seamen, but both could
understand
How each was bound to win or die for flag and
native land.

The French ship was *la Surveillante,* which means
the watchful maid;
She folded up her head-dress and began to cannonade.

Her hull was clean, and ours was foul; we had to spread more sail.
On canvas, stays, and topsail yards her bullets came like hail.

Sore smitten were both captains, and many lads beside,
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners tried.
A sail-clad spar came flapping down athwart a blazing gun;
We could not quench the rushing flames, and so the Frenchman won.

Our quarter-deck was crowded, the waist was all aglow;
Men hung upon the taffrail, half scorched but loth to go;
Our captain sat where once he stood, and would not quit his chair.
He bade his comrades leap for life, and leave him bleeding there.

The guns were hushed on either side, the Frenchmen lowered boats,
They flung us planks and hencoops, and everything that floats.
They risked their lives, good fellows! to bring their rivals aid.
'Twas by the conflagration the peace was strangely made.

La Surveillante was like a sieve; the victors had no rest.
They had to dodge the east wind to reach the port of Brest,

And where the waves leapt lower, and the riddled
ship went slower,
In triumph, yet in funeral guise, came fisher-boats to
tow her.

They dealt with us as brethren, they mourned for
Farmer dead;
And as the wounded captives passed each Breton
bowed the head.
Then spoke the French Lieutenant, 'Twas fire that
won, not we.
You never struck your flag to us; you'll go to
England free.'

'Twas the sixth day of October, seventeen hundred
seventy-nine,
A year when nations ventured against us to com-
bine,
Quebec was burnt and Farmer slain, by us re-
membered not;
But thanks be to the French book wherein they're
not forgot.

Now you, if you've to fight the French, my youngster,
bear in mind
Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous and
kind;
Think of the Breton gentlemen who took our lads to
Brest,
And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade and a
guest.

CXII

THE HEAD OF BRAN

When the head of Bran
Was firm on British shoulders,
God made a man!
Cried all beholders.

Steel could not resist
The weight his arm would rattle;
He with naked fist
Has brained a knight in battle.

He marched on the foe,
And never counted numbers;
Foreign widows know
The hosts he sent to slumbers.

As a street you scan
That's towered by the steeple,
So the head of Bran
Rose o'er his people.

'Death's my neighbour,'
Quoth Bran the blest;
'Christian labour
Brings Christian rest.

From the trunk sever
The head of Bran,
That which never
Has bent to man!

That which never
To men has bowed
Shall live ever
To shame the shroud:
Shall live ever
To face the foe;
Sever it, sever,
And with one blow.

Be it written,
That all I wrought
Was for Britain,
In deed and thought:
Be it written,
That, while I die,
"Glory to Britain!"
Is my last cry.

"Glory to Britain!"
Death echoes me round.
Glory to Britain!
The world shall resound.
Glory to Britain!
In ruin and fall,
Glory to Britain!
Is heard over all.'

Burn, Sun, down the sea!
Bran lies low with thee.

Burst, Morn, from the main!
Bran so shall rise again.

Blow, Wind, from the field!
Bran's Head is the Briton's shield.

Beam, Star, in the west!
Bright burns the Head of Bran the Blest.

Crimson-footed like the stork,
From great ruts of slaughter,
Warriors of the Golden Torque
Cross the lifting water.
Princes seven, enchaining hands,
Bear the live Head homeward.
Lo! it speaks, and still commands;
Gazing far out foamward.

Fiery words of lightning sense
Down the hollows thunder;
Forest hostels know not whence
Comes the speech, and wonder.
City-castles, on the steep
Where the faithful Seven
House at midnight, hear in sleep
Laughter under heaven.

Lilies, swimming on the mere,
In the castle shadow,
Under draw their heads, and Fear
Walks the misty meadow;
Tremble not, it is not Death
Pledging dark espousal:
'Tis the Head of endless breath,
Challenging carousal!

Brim the horn! a health is drunk,
Now, that shall keep going:
Life is but the pebble sunk,
Deeds, the circle growing!
Fill, and pledge the Head of Bran!
While his lead they follow,
Long shall heads in Britain plan
Speech Death cannot swallow.

George Meredith.

CXIII

THE SLAYING OF THE NIBLUNGS

HOGNI

Ye shall know that in Atli's feast-hall on the side that joined the house
Were many carven doorways whose work was glorious
With marble stones and gold-work, and their doors of beaten brass:
Lo now, in the merry morning how the story cometh to pass!
—While the echoes of the trumpet yet fill the people's ears,
And Hogni casts by the war-horn, and his Dwarf-wrought sword uprears,
All those doors aforesaid open, and in pour the streams of steel,
The best of the Eastland champions, the bold men of Atli's weal:

They raise no cry of battle nor cast forth threat of woe,
And their helmed and hidden faces from each other none may know:
Then a light in the hall ariseth, and the fire of battle runs
All adown the front of the Niblungs in the face of the mighty-ones;
All eyes are set upon them, hard drawn is every breath,
Ere the foremost points be mingled and death be blent with death.
—All eyes save the eyes of Hogni; but e'en as the edges meet,
He turneth about for a moment to the gold of the kingly seat,
Then aback to the front of battle; there then, as the lightning-flash
Through the dark night showeth the city when the clouds of heaven clash,
And the gazer shrinketh backward, yet he seeth from end to end
The street and the merry market, and the windows of his friend,
And the pavement where his footsteps yestre'en returning trod,
Now white and changed and dreadful 'neath the threatening voice of God;
So Hogni seeth Gudrun, and the face he used to know,

Unspeakable, unchanging, with white unknitted brow
With half-closed lips untrembling, with deedless hands and cold
Laid still on knees that stir not, and the linen's moveless fold.

Turned Hogni unto the spear-wall, and smote from where he stood,
And hewed with his sword two-handed as the axe-man in a wood:
Before his sword was a champion, and the edges clave to the chin,
And the first man fell in the feast-hall of those that should fall therein.
Then man with man was dealing, and the Niblung host of war
Was swept by the leaping iron, as the rock anigh the shore
By the ice-cold waves of winter: yet a moment Gunnar stayed,
As high in his hand unbloodied he shook his awful blade;
And he cried: 'O Eastland champions, do ye behold it here,
The sword of the ancient Giuki? Fall on and have no fear,
But slay and be slain and be famous, if your master's will it be!
Yet are we the blameless Niblungs, and bidden guests are we:

So forbear, if ye wander hood-winked, nor for nothing
slay and be slain;
For I know not what to tell you of the dead that
live again.'
So he saith in the midst of the foemen with his war-
flame reared on high,
But all about and around him goes up a bitter cry
From the iron men of Atli, and the bickering of the
steel
Sends a roar up to the roof-ridge, and the Niblung
war-ranks reel
Behind the steadfast Gunnar: but lo! have ye seen
the corn,
While yet men grind the sickle, by the wind-streak
overborne,
When the sudden rain sweeps downward, and
summer groweth black,
And the smitten wood-side roareth 'neath the driv-
ing thunder-wrack?
So before the wise-heart Hogni shrank the champions
of the East,
As his great voice shook the timbers in the hall of
Atli's feast.
There he smote, and beheld not the smitten, and by
nought were his edges stopped;
He smote, and the dead were thrust from him; a
hand with its shield he lopped;
There met him Atli's marshal, and his arm at the
shoulder he shred;
Three swords were upreared against him of the best
of the kin of the dead;

And he struck off a head to the rightward, and his sword through a throat he thrust,
But the third stroke fell on his helm-crest, and he stooped to the ruddy dust,
And uprose as the ancient Giant, and both his hands were wet:
Red then was the world to his eyen, as his hand to the labour he set;
Swords shook and fell in his pathway, huge bodies leapt and fell,
Harsh grided shield and war-helm like the tempest-smitten bell,
And the war-cries ran together, and no man his brother knew,
And the dead men loaded the living, as he went the war-wood through;
And man 'gainst man was huddled, till no sword rose to smite,
And clear stood the glorious Hogni in an island of the fight,
And there ran a river of death 'twixt the Niblung and his foes,
And therefrom the terror of men and the wrath of the Gods arose.

GUNNAR

Now fell the sword of Gunnar, and rose up red in the air,
And hearkened the song of the Niblung, as his voice rang glad and clear,

And rejoiced and leapt at the Eastmen, and cried as it met the rings
Of a Giant of King Atli and a murder-wolf of kings;
But it quenched its thirst in his entrails, and knew the heart in his breast,
And hearkened the praise of Gunnar, and lingered not to rest,
But fell upon Atli's brother, and stayed not in his brain;
Then he fell, and the King leapt over, and clave a neck atwain,
And leapt o'er the sweep of a pole-axe, and thrust a lord in the throat,
And King Atli's banner-bearer through shield and hauberk smote;
Then he laughed on the huddled East-folk, and against their war-shields drave
While the white swords tossed about him, and that archer's skull he clave
Whom Atli had bought in the Southlands for many a pound of gold;
And the dark-skinned fell upon Gunnar, and over his war-shield rolled,
And cumbered his sword for a season, and the many blades fell on,
And sheared the cloudy helm-crest and rents in his hauberk won,
And the red blood ran from Gunnar; till that Giuki's sword outburst,
As the fire-tongue from the smoulder that the leafy heap hath nursed,

And unshielded smote King Gunnar, and sent the Niblung song
Through the quaking stems of battle in the hall of Atli's wrong:
Then he rent the knitted war-hedge till by Hogni's side he stood,
And kissed him amidst of the spear-hail, and their cheeks were wet with blood.

Then on came the Niblung bucklers, and they drave the East-folk home,
As the bows of the oar-driven long-ship beat off the waves in foam:
They leave their dead behind them, and they come to the doors and the wall,
And a few last spears from the fleeing amidst their shield-hedge fall:
But the doors clash to in their faces, as the fleeing rout they drive,
And fain would follow after; and none is left alive
In the feast-hall of King Atli, save those fishes of the net,
And the white and silent woman above the slaughter set.

Then biddeth the heart-wise Hogni, and men to the windows climb,
And uplift the war-grey corpses, dead drift of the stormy time,
And cast them adown to their people: thence they come aback and say
That scarce shall ye see the houses, and no whit the wheel-worn way

For the spears and shields of the Eastlands that the merchant city throng;
And back to the Niblung burg-gate the way seemed weary-long.

Yet passeth hour on hour, and the doors they watch and ward
But a long while hear no mail-clash, nor the ringing of the sword;
Then droop the Niblung children, and their wounds are waxen chill,
And they think of the burg by the river, and the builded holy hill,
And their eyes are set on Gudrun as of men who would beseech;
But unlearned are they in craving, and know not dastard's speech.
Then doth Giuki's first-begotten a deed most fair to be told,
For his fair harp Gunnar taketh, and the warp of silver and gold;
With the hand of a cunning harper he dealeth with the strings,
And his voice in their midst goeth upward, as of ancient days he sings,
Of the days before the Niblungs, and the days that shall be yet;
Till the hour of toil and smiting the warrior hearts forget,
Nor hear the gathering foemen, nor the sound of swords aloof:

Then clear the song of Gunnar goes up to the dusky roof,
And the coming spear-host tarries, and the bearers of the woe
Through the cloisters of King Atli with lingering footsteps go.

But Hogni looketh on Gudrun, and no change in her face he sees,
And no stir in her folded linen and the deedless hands on her knees:
Then from Gunnar's side he hasteneth; and lo! the open door,
And a foeman treadeth the pavement, and his lips are on Atli's floor,
For Hogni is death in the doorway: then the Niblungs turn on the foe,
And the hosts are mingled together, and blow cries out on blow.

GUDRUN

Still the song goeth up from Gunnar, though his harp to earth be laid;
But he fighteth exceeding wisely, and is many a warrior's aid,
And he shieldeth and delivereth, and his eyes search through the hall,
And woe is he for his fellows, as his battle-brethren fall;
For the turmoil hideth little from that glorious folk-king's eyes,
And o'er all he beholdeth Gudrun, and his soul is waxen wise,

And he saith: 'We shall look on Sigurd, and Sigmund of old days,
And see the boughs of the Branstock o'er the ancient Volsung's praise.'

Woe's me for the wrath of Hogni! From the door he giveth aback
That the Eastland slayers may enter to the murder and the wrack:
Then he rageth and driveth the battle to the golden kingly seat,
And the last of the foes he slayeth by Gudrun's very feet,
That the red blood splasheth her raiment; and his own blood therewithal
He casteth aloft before her, and the drops on her white hands fall:
But nought she seeth or heedeth, and again he turns to fight,
Nor heedeth stroke nor wounding so he a foe may smite:
Then the battle opens before him, and the Niblungs draw to his side;
As death in the world first fashioned, through the feast-hall doth he stride.
And so once more do the Niblungs sweep that murder-flood of men
From the hall of toils and treason, and the doors swing to again.
Then again is there peace for a little within the fateful fold;

But the Niblungs look about them, and but few folk they behold
Upright on their feet for the battle; now they climb aloft no more,
Nor cast the dead from the windows; but they raise a rampart of war,
And its stones are the fallen East-folk, and no lowly wall is that.

Therein was Gunnar the mighty: on the shields of men he sat,
And the sons of his people hearkened, for his hand through the harp-strings ran,
And he sang in the hall of his foeman of the Gods and the making of man,
And how season was sundered from season in the days of the fashioning,
And became the Summer and Autumn, and became the Winter and Spring;
He sang of men's hunger and labour, and their love and their breeding of broil,
And their hope that is fostered of famine, and their rest that is fashioned of toil:
Fame then and the sword he sang of, and the hour of the hardy and wise,
When the last of the living shall perish, and the first of the dead shall arise,
And the torch shall be lit in the daylight, and God unto man shall pray,
And the heart shall cry out for the hand in the fight of the uttermost day.

So he sang, and beheld not Gudrun, save as long ago he saw
His sister, the little maiden of the face without a flaw:
But wearily Hogni beheld her, and no change in her face there was,
And long thereon gazed Hogni, and set his brows as the brass,
Though the hands of the King were weary, and weak his knees were grown,
And he felt as a man unholpen in a waste land wending alone.

THE SONS OF GIUKI

Now the noon was long passed over when again the rumour arose,
And through the doors cast open flowed in the river of foes:
They flooded the hall of the murder, and surged round that rampart of dead;
No war-duke ran before them, no lord to the onset led,
But the thralls shot spears at adventure, and shot out shafts from afar,
Till the misty hall was blinded with the bitter drift of war:
Few and faint were the Niblung children, and their wounds were waxen acold,
And they saw the Hell-gates open as they stood in their grimly hold:
Yet thrice stormed out King Hogni, thrice stormed out Gunnar the King,

Thrice fell they aback yet living to the heart of the fated ring;
And they looked and their band was little, and no man but was wounded sore,
And the hall seemed growing greater, such hosts of foes it bore,
So tossed the iron harvest from wall to gilded wall;
And they looked and the white-clad Gudrun sat silent over all.

Then the churls and thralls of the Eastland howled out as wolves accurst,
But oft gaped the Niblungs voiceless, for they choked with anger and thirst;
And the hall grew hot as a furnace, and men drank their flowing blood,
Men laughed and gnawed on their shield-rims, men knew not where they stood,
And saw not what was before them; as in the dark men smote,
Men died heart-broken, unsmitten; men wept with the cry in the throat,
Men lived on full of war-shafts, men cast their shields aside
And caught the spears to their bosoms; men rushed with none beside,
And fell unarmed on the foemen, and tore and slew in death:
And still down rained the arrows as the rain across the heath;
Still proud o'er all the turmoil stood the Kings of Giuki born,

Nor knit were the brows of Gunnar, nor his song-speech overworn;
But Hogni's mouth kept silence, and oft his heart went forth
To the long, long day of the darkness, and the end of worldly worth.

Loud rose the roar of the East-folk, and the end was coming at last:
Now the foremost locked their shield-rims and the hindmost over them cast,
And nigher they drew and nigher, and their fear was fading away,
For every man of the Niblungs on the shaft-strewn pavement lay,
Save Gunnar the King and Hogni: still the glorious King up-bore
The cloudy shield of the Niblungs set full of shafts of war;
But Hogni's hands had fainted, and his shield had sunk adown,
So thick with the Eastland spearwood was that rampart of renown;
And hacked and dull were the edges that had rent the wall of foes:
Yet he stood upright by Gunnar before that shielded close,
Nor looked on the foemen's faces as their wild eyes drew anear,
And their faltering shield-rims clattered with the remnant of their fear;

But he gazed on the Niblung woman, and the daughter of his folk,
Who sat o'er all unchanging ere the war-cloud over them broke.

Now nothing might men hearken in the house of Atli's weal,
Save the feet slow tramping onward, and the rattling of the steel,
And the song of the glorious Gunnar that rang as clearly now
As the speckled storm-cock singeth from the scant-leaved hawthorn-bough,
When the sun is dusking over and the March snow pelts the land.
There stood the mighty Gunnar with sword and shield in hand,
There stood the shieldless Hogni with set unangry eyes,
And watched the wall of war-shields o'er the dead men's rampart rise,
And the white blades flickering nigher and the quavering points of war.
Then the heavy air of the feast-hall was rent with a fearful roar,
And the turmoil came and the tangle, as the wall together ran:
But aloft yet towered the Niblungs, and man toppled over man,
And leapt and struggled to tear them; as whiles amidst the sea

The doomed ship strives its utmost with mid-ocean's
mastery,
And the tall masts whip the cordage, while the
welter whirls and leaps,
And they rise and reel and waver, and sink amid
the deeps:
So before the little-hearted in King Atli's murder-hall
Did the glorious sons of Giuki 'neath the shielded
onrush fall:
Sore wounded, bound and helpless, but living yet,
they lie
Till the afternoon and the even in the first of night
shall die.

William Morris.

CXIV

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As Spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,
To show that she is here;
So long as May of April takes
In smiles and tears farewell,
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses the dell;
While children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With ladysmock and violet,
And daisy-chain their caps;
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,

And ousel pipes and laverock trills,
And young lambs buck and bleat;
So long as that which bursts the bud
And swells and tunes the rill
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still.

Life not worth living! Come with me,
Now that, through vanishing veil,
Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea,
And milk foams in the pail;
Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes
With sweat the striplings lithe,
As fall the long straight scented swathes
Over the crescent scythe;
Now that the throstle never stops
His self-sufficing strain,
And woodbine-trails festoon the copse,
And eglantine the lane;
Now rustic labour seems as sweet
As leisure, and blithe herds
Wend homeward with unweary feet,
Carolling like the birds;
Now all, except the lover's vow,
And nightingale, is still;
Here, in the twilight hour, allow,
Life is worth living still.

When Summer, lingering half-forlorn,
On Autumn loves to lean,
And fields of slowly yellowing corn
Are girt by woods still green;

When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump,
And apples rosy-red,
And the owlet hoots from hollow stump,
And the dormouse makes its bed;
When crammed are all the granary floors
And the Hunter's moon is bright,
And life again is sweet indoors,
And logs again alight;
Ay, even when the houseless wind
Waileth through cleft and chink,
And in the twilight maids grow kind,
And jugs are filled and clink;
When children clasp their hands and pray
'Be done Thy Heavenly will!'
Who doth not lift his voice, and say,
'Life is worth living still'?

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as at tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,

And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas!
Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And England's laws and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind!
So long as in Pacific main
Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the Mother-land;
So long as flashes English steel,
And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still.

Austin.

CXV

THEOLOGY IN EXTREMIS

Oft in the pleasant summer years,
Reading the tales of days bygone,
I have mused on the story of human tears,
All that man unto man has done,

Massacre, torture, and black despair;
Reading it all in my easy-chair.

Passionate prayer for a minute's life;
  Tortured crying for death as rest;
Husband pleading for child or wife,
  Pitiless stroke upon tender breast.
Was it all real as that I lay there
Lazily stretched on my easy-chair?

Could I believe in those hard old times,
  Here in this safe luxurious age?
Were the horrors invented to season rhymes,
  Or truly is man so fierce in his rage?
What could I suffer, and what could I dare?
I who was bred to that easy-chair.

They were my fathers, the men of yore,
  Little they recked of a cruel death;
They would dip their hands in a heretic's gore,
  They stood and burnt for a rule of faith.
What would I burn for, and whom not spare?
I, who had faith in an easy-chair.

Now do I see old tales are true,
  Here in the clutch of a savage foe;
Now shall I know what my fathers knew,
  Bodily anguish and bitter woe,
Naked and bound in the strong sun's glare,
Far from my civilised easy-chair.

Now have I tasted and understood
  That old-world feeling of mortal hate;

For the eyes all round us are hot with blood;
They will kill us coolly—they do but wait;
While I, I would sell ten lives, at least,
For one fair stroke at that devilish priest,

Just in return for the kick he gave,
Bidding me call on the prophet's name;
Even a dog by this may save
Skin from the knife and soul from the flame;
My soul! if he can let the prophet burn it,
But life is sweet if a word may earn it.

A bullock's death, and at thirty years!
Just one phrase, and a man gets off it;
Look at that mongrel clerk in his tears
Whining aloud the name of the prophet;
Only a formula easy to patter,
And, God Almighty, what *can* it matter?

'Matter enough,' will my comrade say,
Praying aloud here close at my side,
'Whether you mourn in despair alway,
Cursed for ever by Christ denied;
Or whether you suffer a minute's pain
All the reward of Heaven to gain.'

Not for a moment faltereth he,
Sure of the promise and pardon of sin;
Thus did the martyrs die, I see,
Little to lose and muckle to win;
Death means Heaven, he longs to receive it,
But what shall I do if I don't believe it?

Life is pleasant, and friends may be nigh,
Fain would I speak one word and be spared;
Yet I could be silent and cheerfully die,
If I were only sure God cared;
If I had faith, and were only certain
That light is behind that terrible curtain.

But what if He listeth nothing at all,
Of words a poor wretch in his terror may say?
That mighty God who created all
To labour and live their appointed day;
Who stoops not either to bless or ban,
Weaving the woof of an endless plan.

He is the Reaper, and binds the sheaf,
Shall not the season its order keep?
Can it be changed by a man's belief?
Millions of harvests still to reap;
Will God reward, if I die for a creed,
Or will He but pity, and sow more seed?

Surely He pities who made the brain,
When breaks that mirror of memories sweet,
When the hard blow falleth, and never again
Nerve shall quiver nor pulse shall beat;
Bitter the vision of vanishing joys;
Surely He pities when man destroys.

Here stand I on the ocean's brink,
Who hath brought news of the further shore?
How shall I cross it? Sail or sink,
One thing is sure, I return no more;
Shall I find haven, or aye shall I be
Tossed in the depths of a shoreless sea?

They tell fair tales of a far-off land,
Of love rekindled, of forms renewed;
There may I only touch one hand,
Here life's ruin will little be rued;
But the hand I have pressed and the voice I have heard,
To lose them for ever, and all for a word!

Now do I feel that my heart must break
All for one glimpse of a woman's face;
Swiftly the slumbering memories wake
Odour and shadow of hour and place;
One bright ray through the darkening past
Leaps from the lamp as it brightens last,

Showing me summer in western land
Now, as the cool breeze murmureth
In leaf and flower—And here I stand
In this plain all bare save the shadow of death;
Leaving my life in its full noonday,
And no one to know why I flung it away.

Why? Am I bidding for glory's roll?
I shall be murdered and clean forgot;
Is it a bargain to save my soul?
God, whom I trust in, bargains not;
Yet for the honour of English race,
May I not live or endure disgrace.

Ay, but the word, if I could have said it,
I by no terrors of hell perplext;
Hard to be silent and have no credit
From man in this world, or reward in the next;

None to bear witness and reckon the cost
Of the name that is saved by the life that is lost.

I must be gone to the crowd untold
Of men by the cause which they served unknown,
Who moulder in myriad graves of old;
Never a story and never a stone
Tells of the martyrs who die like me,
Just for the pride of the old countree.

Lyall.

CXVI

THE OBLATION

Ask nothing more of me, sweet;
All I can give you I give.
Heart of my heart, were it more,
More would be laid at your feet:
Love that should help you to live,
Song that should spur you to soar.

All things were nothing to give
Once to have sense of you more,
Touch you and taste of you, sweet,
Think you and breathe you and live,
Swept of your wings as they soar,
Trodden by chance of your feet.

I that have love and no more
Give you but love of you, sweet:
He that hath more, let him give;
He that hath wings, let him soar;
Mine is the heart at your feet
Here, that must love you to live.

CXVII

ENGLAND

England, queen of the waves, whose green inviolate
girdle enrings thee round,
Mother fair as the morning, where is now the place
of thy foemen found?
Still the sea that salutes us free proclaims them
stricken, acclaims thee crowned.
Time may change, and the skies grow strange with
signs of treason, and fraud, and fear:
Foes in union of strange communion may rise against
thee from far and near:
Sloth and greed on thy strength may feed as cankers
waxing from year to year.

Yet, though treason and fierce unreason should
league and lie and defame and smite,
We that know thee, how far below thee the hatred
burns of the sons of night,
We that love thee, behold above thee the witness
written of life in light.

Life that shines from thee shows forth signs that
none may read not by eyeless foes:
Hate, born blind, in his abject mind grows hopeful
now but as madness grows:
Love, born wise, with exultant eyes adores thy glory,
beholds and glows.
Truth is in thee, and none may win thee to lie, for-
saking the face of truth:

Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee, born
again from thy deathless youth:
Faith should fail, and the world turn pale, wert thou
the prey of the serpent's tooth.

Greed and fraud, unabashed, unawed, may strive to
sting thee at heel in vain;
Craft and fear and mistrust may leer and mourn and
murmur and plead and plain:
Thou art thou: and thy sunbright brow is hers that
blasted the strength of Spain.

Mother, mother beloved, none other could claim in
place of thee England's place:
Earth bears none that beholds the sun so pure of
record, so clothed with grace:
Dear our mother, nor son nor brother is thine, as
strong or as fair of face,
How shalt thou be abased? or how shall fear take
hold of thy heart? of thine,
England, maiden immortal, laden with charge of life
and with hopes divine?
Earth shall wither, when eyes turned hither behold
not light in her darkness shine.

England, none that is born thy son, and lives by
grace of thy glory, free,
Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with hope
to serve as he worships thee;
None may sing thee: the sea-wind's wing beats
down our songs as it hails the sea.

CXVIII

A JACOBITE'S EXILE

The weary day rins down and dies,
  The weary night wears through:
And never an hour is fair wi' flower,
  And never a flower wi' dew.

I would the day were night for me,
  I would the night were day:
For then would I stand in my ain fair land,
  As now in dreams I may.

O lordly flow the Loire and Seine,
  And loud the dark Durance:
But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne
  Than a' the fields of France;
And the waves of Till that speak sae still
  Gleam goodlier where they glance.

O weel were they that fell fighting
  On dark Drumossie's day:
They keep their hame ayont the faem
  And we die far away.

O sound they sleep, and saft, and deep,
  But night and day wake we;
And ever between the sea-banks green
  Sounds loud the sundering sea.

And ill we sleep, sae sair we weep,
  But sweet and fast sleep they:
And the mool that haps them roun' and laps them
  Is e'en their country's clay;

But the land we tread that are not dead
Is strange as night by day.

Strange as night in a strange man's sight,
Though fair as dawn it be:
For what is here that a stranger's cheer
Should yet wax blithe to see?

The hills stand steep, the dells lie deep,
The fields are green and gold:
The hill-streams sing, and the hill-sides ring,
As ours at home of old.

But hills and flowers are nane of ours,
And ours are over sea:
And the kind strange land whereon we stand,
It wotsna what were we
Or ever we came, wi' scathe and shame,
To try what end might be.

Scathe, and shame, and a waefu' name,
And a weary time and strange,
Have they that seeing a weird for dreeing
Can die, and cannot change.

Shame and scorn may we thole that mourn,
Though sair be they to dree:
But ill may we bide the thoughts we hide,
Mair keen than wind and sea.

Ill may we thole the night's watches,
And ill the weary day:
And the dreams that keep the gates of sleep,
A waefu' gift gie they;
For the songs they sing us, the sights they bring us,
The morn blaws all away.

On Aikenshaw the sun blinks braw,
The burn rins blithe and fain:
There's nought wi' me I wadna gie
To look thereon again.

On Keilder-side the wind blaws wide:
There sounds nae hunting-horn
That rings sae sweet as the winds that beat
Round banks where Tyne is born.

The Wansbeck sings with all her springs,
The bents and braes give ear;
But the wood that rings wi' the sang she sings
I may not see nor hear;
For far and far thae blithe burns are,
And strange is a'thing near.

The light there lightens, the day there brightens,
The loud wind there lives free:
Nae light comes nigh me or wind blaws by me
That I wad hear or see.

But O gin I were there again,
Afar ayont the faem,
Cauld and dead in the sweet saft bed
That haps my sires at hame!

We'll see nae mair the sea-banks fair,
And the sweet grey gleaming sky,
And the lordly strand of Northumberland,
And the goodly towers thereby;
And none shall know but the winds that blow
The graves wherein we lie.

CXIX

THE REVEILLÉ

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, 'Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted,' said the quick alarming drum.

'Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?'
But the drum
Echoed, 'Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest,' said the solemn-sounding drum.

'But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?'
But the drum
Answered, 'Come!
You must do the sum to prove it,' said the Yankee-answering drum.

'What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,

When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?'
But the drum
Answered, 'Come!
Better there in death united, than in life a recreant,
—Come!'

Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, 'My chosen people, come!'
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,
'Lord, we come!'

CXX

WHAT THE BULLET SANG

O Joy of creation
To be!
O rapture to fly
And be free!
Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love—the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands,
All alone,
With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown;

I shall know him by his face,
By his god-like front and grace;
I shall hold him for a space
All my own!

It is he—O my love!
So bold!
It is I—All thy love
Foretold!
It is I. O love! what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
O sweetheart! what is this
Lieth there so cold?

Bret Harte.

CXXI

A BALLAD OF THE ARMADA

King Philip had vaunted his claims;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us;
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And shatter our ships on the main;
But we had bold Neptune to back us—
And where are the galleons of Spain?

His carackes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us;
With his saints and his gilded stern-frames
He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us;

Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus—
For where are the galleons of Spain?

Let his Majesty hang to St. James
The axe that he whetted to hack us;
He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain;
Alas! that his Greatness should lack us!—
But where are the galleons of Spain?

ENVOY

Gloriana!—the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain;
He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .
And where are the galleons of Spain?

Dobson.

CXXII

THE WHITE PACHA

Vain is the dream! However Hope may rave,
He perished with the folk he could not save,
And though none surely told us he is dead,
And though perchance another in his stead,
Another, not less brave, when all was done,
Had fled unto the southward and the sun,
Had urged a way by force, or won by guile
To streams remotest of the secret Nile,

Had raised an army of the Desert men,
And, waiting for his hour, had turned again
And fallen on that False Prophet, yet we know
Gordon is dead, and these things are not so!
Nay, not for England's cause, nor to restore
Her trampled flag—for he loved Honour more—
Nay, not for Life, Revenge, or Victory,
Would he have fled, whose hour had dawned to die.
He will not come again, whate'er our need,
He will not come, who is happy, being freed
From the deathly flesh, and perishable things,
And lies of statesmen, and rewards of kings.
Nay, somewhere by the sacred River's shore
He sleeps like those who shall return no more,
No more return for all the prayers of men—
Arthur and Charles—they never come again!
They shall not wake, though fair the vision seem:
Whate'er sick Hope may whisper, vain the dream!

Lang.

CXXIII

MOTHER AND SON

It is not yours, O mother, to complain,
Not, mother, yours to weep,
Though nevermore your son again
Shall to your bosom creep,
Though nevermore again you watch your baby sleep.

Though in the greener paths of earth
Mother and child, no more
We wander; and no more the birth

Of me, whom once you bore,
Seems still the brave reward that once it seemed of yore;

Though as all passes, day and night,
The seasons and the years,
From you, O mother, this delight,
This also disappears—
Some profit yet survives of all your pangs and tears.

The child, the seed, the grain of corn,
The acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise to work the Almighty will.

So from the hearth the children flee,
By that almighty hand
Austerely led; so one by sea
Goes forth, and one by land;
Nor aught of all men's sons escapes from that command.

So from the sally each obeys
The unseen almighty nod;
So till the ending all their ways
Blind-folded loth have trod:
Nor knew their task at all, but were the tools of God.

And as the fervent smith of yore
Beat out the glowing blade,
Nor wielded in the front of war

The weapons that he made,
But in the tower at home still plied his ringing trade;

So like a sword the son shall roam
On nobler missions sent;
And as the smith remained at home
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while at home the mother well content.

Stevenson.

CXXIV

PRAYERS

God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword
Swift and sharp and bright.
Thee would I serve if I might,—
And conquer if I can,
From day-dawn till night:
Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth,
  Breathing in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth,
  Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay;
  From pain, strife, wrong to be free
This best gift I pray,
  Take my spirit to Thee.

Beeching.

CXXV

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
'Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?'
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar,
'If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair—
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,

So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain are sown with Kamal's men.'

The Colonel's son has taken horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide,
'Ye shoot like a soldier,' Kamal said. 'Show now if ye can ride.'

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his
head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a
lady plays with a glove.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their
hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare
like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap
fell he,—
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and
pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small
room was there to strive—
'Twas only by favour of mine,' quoth he, 'ye rode
so long alive;
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was
not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle
cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all
in a row;
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have
held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged
till she could not fly.'

Lightly answered the Colonel's son:—'Do good to
bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before
thou makest a feast.

If there should follow a thousand swords to carry
my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than
a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop,
their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when
all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren
wait to sup—
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog,
and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer
and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my
own way back!'

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him
upon his feet.
'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he, 'when wolf and
grey wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath.
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at
the dawn with Death?'
Lightly answered the Colonel's son:—'I hold by the
blood of my clan;
Take up the mare for my father's gift—By God
she has carried a man!'
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled
her nose in his breast,
'We be two strong men,' said Kamal then, 'but she
loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.'

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
'Ye have taken the one from a foe,' said he; 'will ye take the mate from a friend?'
'A gift for a gift,' said Kamal straight; 'a limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!'
With that he whistled his only son, who dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring and he looked like a lance in rest.
'Now here is thy master,' Kamal said, 'who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield to shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
And thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur.'

They have looked each other between the eyes,
and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on leavened bread and salt;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and
the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's
boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where
there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer.
'Ha' done! ha' done!' said the Colonel's son. 'Put
up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-
night 'tis a man of the Guides!'

O, east is east, and west is west, and never the two
shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat.
But there is neither east nor west, border nor breed
nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though
they come from the ends of the earth.

CXXVI

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?—
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag.

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster anew with dirt?
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?
We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or share.
What is the Flag of England? Winds of the World, declare!

The North Wind blew:—'From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go;
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe;
By the great North Lights above me I work the will of God,
And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger fills with cod.

I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies came;

I took the sun from their presence, I cut them
down with my blast,
And they died, but the Flag of England blew free
ere the spirit passed.

The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long
Arctic night,
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the
Northern Light:
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for
it is there!'

The South Wind sighed:—'From the Virgins my
mid-sea course was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the
long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked
lagoon.

Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud
in the breeze—
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English
flag was flown.

I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang
for a wisp on the Horn;
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned
and rolled and torn;

I have spread its fold o'er the dying, adrift in a hopeless sea;
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the slave set free.

My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there!'

The East Wind roared:—'From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas, I come,
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the English home.
Look—look well to your shipping! By the breath of my mad typhoon
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your best at Kowloon!

The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas before,
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singapore!
I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded snake she rose,
And I heaved your stoutest steamers to roost with the startled crows.

Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake—

Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed.

The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there!'

The West Wind called :—'In squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die.
They make my might their porter, they make my house their path,
And I loose my neck from their service and whelm them all in my wrath.

I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn from the hole,
They bellow one to the other, the frighted ship-bells toll:
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud with my breath,
And they see strange bows above them and the two go locked to death.

But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by dark or day
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dews have kissed—
The morning stars have hailed it, a fellow-star in the mist.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!'

CXXVII

OUT OF THE NIGHT

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
  Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
  I am the captain of my soul.

CXXVIII

PRO REGE NOSTRO

What have I done for you,
  England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
  England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
    As the Song on your bugles blown,
      England—
    Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
  England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
  England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,

To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
'Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!'

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease,
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,

Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

CXXIX

LAST POST

The day's high work is over and done,
And these no more will need the sun:
Blow, you bugles of England, blow!
These are gone whither all must go,
Mightily gone from the field they won.
So in the workaday wear of battle,
Touched to glory with God's own red,
Bear we our chosen to their bed.
Settle them lovingly where they fell,
In that good lap they loved so well;
And, their deliveries to the dear Lord said,
And the last desperate volleys ranged and sped,
Blow, you bugles of England, blow
Over the camps of her beaten foe—
Blow glory and pity to the victor Mother,
Sad, O, sad in her sacrificial dead!

Labour, and love, and strife, and mirth,
They gave their part in this goodly Earth—
Blow, you bugles of England, blow!—
That her Name as a sun among stars might glow,

Till the dusk of Time, with honour and worth :
That, stung by the lust and the pain of battle,
The One Race ever might starkly spread,
And the One Flag eagle it overhead !
In a rapture of wrath and faith and pride,
Thus they felt it, and thus they died ;
So to the Maker of homes, to the Giver of bread,
For whose dear sake their triumphing souls they shed,
Blow, you bugles of England, blow,
Though you break the heart of her beaten foe,
Glory and praise to the everlasting Mother,
Glory and peace to her lovely and faithful dead !

Henley.

NOTES

I

THIS descant upon one of the most glorious feats of arms that even England has achieved is selected and pieced together from the magnificent verse assigned to the Chorus—'*Enter* RUMOUR *painted full of tongues*'—to *King Henry V.*, the noble piece of pageantry produced in 1598, and a famous number from the *Poems Lyrick and Pastorall* (*circ.* 1605) of Michael Drayton. 'Look,' says Ben Jonson, in his *Vision on the Muses of his Friend, Michael Drayton*:—

> Look how we read the Spartans were inflamed
> With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art named
> So shall our English youths urge on, and cry
> An AGINCOURT! an AGINCOURT! or die.

This, it is true, was in respect of another *Agincourt*, but we need not hesitate to appropriate it to our own; in respect of which—'To the Cambro-Britons and their Harp, His *Ballad of Agincourt*,' is the poet's own description—it is to note that Drayton had no model for it; that it remains wellnigh unique in English letters for over two hundred years; and that, despite such lapses into doggerel as the third stanza, and some curious infelicities of diction which need not here be specified, it remains, with a certain Sonnet, its author's chief title to fame. Compare the ballads of *The Brave Lord Willoughby* and *The Honour of Bristol* in the seventeenth century, the song of *The Arethusa* in the eighteenth, and in the nineteenth a choice of such Tyrtæan music as *The Battle of the Baltic*, Lord Tennyson's *Ballad of the Fleet*, and *The Red Thread of Honour* of the late Sir Francis Doyle.

II

Originally *The True Character of a Happy Life:* written and printed about 1614, and reprinted by Percy (1765) from the *Reliquiae Wottonianæ* of 1651. Says Drummond of Ben Jonson, 'Sir Edward (*sic*) Wotton's verses of a Happy Life he hath by heart.' Of Wotton himself it was reserved for Cowley to remark that

> He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
> And found them not so large as was his mind;
> * * * * *
> And when he saw that he through all had passed
> He died—lest he should idle grow at last.

See Izaak Walton, *Lives*.

III, IV

From *Underwoods* (1640). The first, *An Ode*, is addressed to an innominate not yet, I believe, identified. The second is part of that *Ode to the Immortal Memory of that Heroic Pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Morrison*, which is the first true Pindaric in the language. Gifford ascribes it to 1629, when Sir Henry died, but it seems not to have been printed before 1640. Sir Lucius Cary is the Lord Falkland of Clarendon and Horace Walpole.

V

From *The Mad Lover* (produced about 1618: published in 1640). Compare the wooden imitations of Dryden in *Amboyna* and elsewhere.

VI

First printed, Mr. Bullen tells me, in 1640. Compare X. (Shirley, *post*, p. 20), and the cry from Raleigh's *History of the World*: 'O Eloquent, Just, and Mighty Death! Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the World hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the World and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched Greatness, all the Pride, Cruelty, and Ambition of Man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, "*Hic Jacet.*"'

VII, VIII

This pair of 'noble numbers,' of brilliant and fervent lyrics, is from *Hesperides, or, The Works both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.* (1648).

IX

No. 61, '*Vertue*,' in *The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, 1632–33. Compare Herbert to Christopher Farrer, as reported by Izaak Walton:—'Tell him that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health; and tell him, my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found, and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience.'

X

From *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, printed 1659. Compare VI. (Beaumont, *ante*, p. 15), and Bacon, *Essays*, 'On Death':

'But, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath attained worthy ends and expectations.'

XI

Written in the November of 1637, and printed next year in the *Obsequies to the Memorie of Mr. Edward King*. 'In this Monody,' the title runs, 'the Author bewails a Learned Friend unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruine of our corrupted Clergie, then in their height.' King, who died at five- or six-and-twenty, was a personal friend of Milton's, but the true accents of grief are inaudible in *Lycidas*, which is, indeed, an example as perfect as exists of Milton's capacity for turning whatever he touched into pure poetry: an arrangement, that is, of 'the best words in the best order'; or, to go still further than Coleridge, the best words in the prescribed or inevitable sequence that makes the arrangement art. For the innumerable allusions see Professor Masson's edition of Milton (Macmillan, 1890), i. 187-201, and iii. 254-276.

XII

The Eighth Sonnet (Masson): 'When the Assault was Intended to the City.' Written in 1642, with Rupert and the King at Brentford, and printed in the edition of 1645.

XIII

The Sixteenth Sonnet (Masson): 'To the Lord General Cromwell, May, 1652: On the Proposals of Certain Ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospel.' Printed by Philips, *Life of Milton*, 1694. In defence of the principle of Religious Voluntaryism, and against the intolerant Fifteen Proposals of John Owen and the majority of the Committee.

XIV

The Eighteenth Sonnet (Masson). 'Written in 1655,' says Masson, and referring 'to the persecution instituted, in the early part of the year, by Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, against his Protestant subjects of the valleys of the Cottian Alps.' In January, an edict required them to turn Romanists or quit the country out of hand; it was enforced with such barbarity that Cromwell took the case of the sufferers in hand; and so vigorous was his action that the Edict was withdrawn and a convention was signed (August 1655) by which the Vaudois were permitted to worship as they would. Printed in 1673.

XV

The Nineteenth Sonnet (Masson) 'may have been written any time between 1652 and 1655,' the first years of Milton's blindness, 'but it follows the Sonnet on the Piedmontese Massacre in Milton's own volume of 1673.'

XVI, XVII

From the choric parts of *Samson Agonistes* (*i.e.* the Agonist, or Wrestler), first printed in 1671.

XVIII

Of uncertain date; first printed by Watson 1706–11. The version given here is Emerson's (which is shorter than the original), with the exception of the last stanza, which is Napier's (*Montrose*, i. Appendices). Napier is at great pains to prove that the ballad is allegorical, and that Montrose's 'dear and only love' was that unhappy King whose Epitaph, the famous *Great, Good, and Just*, he is said—falsely—to have written with his sword. Be this as it may, the verses have a second part, which has dropped into oblivion. For the Great Marquis, who reminded De Retz of the men in Plutarch's *Lives*, was not averse from the practice of poetry, and wrote, besides these numbers, a prayer ('Let them bestow on every airth a limb'), a 'pasquil,' a pleasant string of conceits in praise of woman, a set of vehement and fiery memorial stanzas on the King, and one copy of verses more.

XIX, XX

To Lucasta going to the Wars and *To Althea from Prison* are both, I believe, from Lovelace's *Lucasta* (1649).

XXI

First printed by Captain Thomson, *Works* (1776), from a copy he held, on what seems excellent authority, to be in Marvell's hand. The true title is *A Horatian Ode on Cromwell's Return from Ireland* (1650). It is always ascribed to Marvell (whose verse was first collected and printed by his widow in 1681), but there are faint doubts as to the authorship.

XXII

Poems (1681). This elegant and romantic lyric appears to have been inspired by a passage in the life of John Oxenbridge, of whom, 'religionis causa oberrantem,' it is enough to note that,

after migrating to Bermudas, where he had a church, and being 'ejected' at the Restoration from an English cure, he went to Surinam (1662–67), to Barbadoes (1667), and to New England (1669), where he was made pastor of 'the First Church of Boston' (1670), and where he died in 1674. These details are from Mr. Grosart's *Marvell* (1875), i. 82–85, and ii. 5–8.

XXIII

Dryden's second Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day, *Alexander's Feast, or The Power of Sound*, as it is called, was written and printed in 1697. As it was designed for music (it was set by Jeremiah Clarke), the closing lines of every strophe are repeated by way of chorus. I have removed these repetitions as impertinent to the effect of the poem in print, and as interrupting the rushing vehemency of the narrative. The incident described is the burning of Persepolis.

XXIV

Written, early in 1782, in memory of Robert Levett: 'an old and faithful friend,' says Johnson, and withal 'a very useful and very blameless man.' Excepting for the perfect odes of Cowper (*post*, pp. 85, 86), in these excellent and affecting verses the 'classic' note is audible for the last time in this book until we reach the *Iphigeneia* of Walter Savage Landor, who was a lad of seven at the date of their composition. They were written seventeen years after the publication of the *Reliques* (1765), and a full quarter century after the appearance of *The Bard* (1757); but in style they proceed from the age of Pope. For the rest, the Augustan Muse was an utter stranger to the fighting inspiration. Her gait was pedestrian, her purpose didactic, her practice neat and formal: and she prosed of England's greatest captain, the victor of Blenheim, as tamely as himself had been 'a parson in a tye-wig'—himself, and not the amiable man of letters who acted as her amanuensis for the nonce.

XXV

Chevy-Chace is here preferred to *Otterbourne* as appealing more directly to Englishmen. The text is Percy's, and the movement, like that of all the English ballads, is jog-trot enough. Sidney's confession—that he never heard it, even from a blind fiddler, but it stirred him like the sound of a trumpet—refers, no doubt, to an earlier version than the present, which appears to date from the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Compare *The Brave Lord Willoughby* and *The Honour of Bristol* (*post*, pp. 60, 73).

XXVI

First printed by Percy. The text I give is, with some few variants, that of the vastly better version in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802–3). Of the 'history' of the ballad the less said the better. The argument is neatly summarised by Mr. Allingham, p. 376 of *The Ballad Book* ('Golden Treasury,' 1879).

skeely=*skilful*
white monie=*silver*
gane=*would suffice*
half-fou=*the eighth part of a peck*
gurly=*rough*
lap=*sprang*
bout=*bolt*
twine=*thread, i.e.* canvas
wap=*warp*
flattered='*fluttered*, or rather, floated' (Scott)
kaims=combs

XXVII

Printed by Percy, 'from an old black-letter copy; with some conjectural emendations.' At the suggestion of my friend, the Rev. Mr. Hunt, I have restored the original readings, as in truer consonancy with the vainglorious, insolent, and swaggering ballad spirit. As for the hero, Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, described as 'one of the Queen's best swordsmen' and 'a great master of the art military,' he succeeded Leicester in the command in the Low Countries in 1587, distinguished himself repeatedly in fight with the Spaniards, and died in 1601. 'Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age' (Percy). In the Roxburgh Ballads the full title of the broadside—which is 'printed for S. Coles in Vine St:, near Hatton Garden,'—is as follows:—'*A true relation of a famous and bloudy Battell fought in Flanders by the noble and valiant Lord Willoughby with* 1500 *English against* 40,000 *Spaniards, wherein the English obtained a notable victory for the glory and renown of our nation.* Tune: *Lord Willoughby.*'

XXVIII

First printed by Tom D'Urfey, *Wit and Mirth, etc.* (1720), vi. 289–91; revised by Robert Burns for *The Scots Musical Magazine*, and again by Allan Cunningham for *The Songs of Scotland;* given with many differences, 'long current in Selkirkshire,' in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The present version is a *rifaccimento* from Burns and Scott. It is worth noting that Græme (pronounced 'Grime') and Graham are both forms of one name, which name was originally Grimm, and that, according to some, the latter orthography is the privilege of the chief of the clan.

XXIX

First printed in the *Minstrelsy*. This time the 'history' is authentic enough. It happened early in 1596, when Salkeld, the

Deputy Warden of the Western Marches, seized under truce the person of William Armstrong of Kinmont—elsewhere described as 'Will Kinmonde the common thieffe'—and haled him to Carlisle Castle, whence he was rescued—'with shouting and crying and sound of trumpet'—by the Laird of Buccleuch, Keeper of Liddesdale, and a troop of two hundred horse. 'The Queen of England,' says Spottiswoode, 'having notice sent her of what was done, stormed not a little'; but see the excellent summary compiled by Scott (who confesses to having touched up the ballad) for the *Minstrelsy*.

Haribee=*the gallows hill at Carlisle*
reiver=*a border thief*, one of a class which lived sparely, fought stoutly, entertained the strictest sense of honour and justice, went ever on horseback, and carried the art of cattle-lifting to the highest possible point of perfection (*National Observer*, 30*th May* 1891)

yett=*gate*
lawing=*reckoning*
basnet=*helmet*
curch=*coif or cap*
lightly=*to scorn*
in a lowe=*on fire*
slocken=*to slake*
splent=*shoulder-piece*
spauld=*shoulder*
broken men=*outlaws*
marshal men=*officers of law*
rank reiver=*common thief*
herry=*harry*
corbie=*crow*
lear=*learning*
row-footed=*rough-shod*
spait=*flood*
garred=*made*
slogan=*battle-cry*
stear=*stir*
saft=*light*
fleyed=*frightened*
bairns=*children*
spier=*ask*
hente=*lifted, haled*
maill=*rent*
furs=*furrows*
trew=*trust*
Christentie=*Christendom*

XXX

Communicated by Mr. Hunt,—who dates it about 1626—from Seyer's *Memoirs, Historical and Topographical, of Bristol and its Neighbourhood* (1821–23). The full title is *The Honour of Bristol: shewing how the Angel Gabriel of Bristol fought with three ships, who boarded as many times, wherein we cleared our decks and killed five hundred of their men, and wounded many more, and made them fly into Cales, when we lost but three men, to the Honour of the Angel Gabriel of Bristol.* To the tune *Our Noble King in his Progress.* Cales (13), pronounced as a dissyllable, is of course Cadiz. It is fair to add that this spirited and amusing piece of doggerel has been severely edited.

XXXI

From the *Minstrelsy*, where it is 'given, without alteration or improvement, from the most accurate copy that could be recovered.' The story runs that Helen Irving (or Helen Bell), of

Kirkconnell in Dumfriesshire, was beloved by Adam Fleming, and (as some say) Bell of Blacket House; that she favoured the first, but her people encouraged the second; that she was thus constrained to tryst with Fleming by night in the churchyard, 'a romantic spot, almost surrounded by the river Kirtle'; that they were here surprised by the rejected suitor, who fired at his rival from the far bank of the stream; that Helen, seeking to shield her lover, was shot in his stead; and that Fleming, either there and then, or afterwards in Spain, avenged her death on the body of her slayer. Wordsworth has told the story in a copy of verses which shows, like so much more of his work, how dreary a poetaster he could be.

XXXII

This epic-in-little, as tremendous an invention as exists in verse, is from the *Minstrelsy:* 'as written down from tradition by a lady' (C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe).

corbies=*crows* fail-dyke=*wall of turf* hause-bane=*breast-bone*
theek=*thatch*

XXXIII

Begun in 1755, and finished and printed (with *The Progress of Poetry*) in 1757. 'Founded,' says the poet, 'on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he concluded the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.' The 'agonising king' (line 56) is Edward II.; the 'she-wolf of France' (57), Isabel his queen; the 'scourge of heaven' (60), Edward III.; the 'sable warrior' (67), Edward the Black Prince. Lines 75–82 commemorate the rise and fall of Richard II.; lines 83–90, the Wars of the Roses, the murders in the Tower, the 'faith' of Margaret of Anjou, the 'fame' of Henry V., the 'holy head' of Henry VI. The 'bristled boar' (93) is symbolical of Richard III.; 'half of thy heart' (99) of Eleanor of Castile, 'who died a few years after the conquest of Wales.' Line 110 celebrates the accession of the House of Tudor in fulfilment of the prophecies of Merlin and Taliessin; lines 115–20, Queen Elizabeth; lines 128–30, Shakespeare; lines 131–32, Milton; and the 'distant warblings' of line 133, 'the succession of poets after Milton's time' (Gray).

XXXIV, XXXV

Written, the one in September 1782 (in the August of which year the *Royal George* (108 guns) was overset in Portsmouth Harbour with the loss of close on a thousand souls), and the other 'after reading Hume's *History* in 1780' (Benham).

XXXVI

It is worth recalling that at one time Walter Scott attributed this gallant lyric, which he printed in the *Minstrelsy*, to a 'greater Graham'—the Marquis of Montrose.

XXXVII, XXXVIII

Of these, the first, *Blow High, Blow Low*, was sung in *The Seraglio* (1776), a forgotten opera; the second, said to have been inspired by the death of the author's brother, a naval officer, in *The Oddities* (1778)—a 'table-entertainment,' where Dibdin was author, actor, singer, musician, accompanist, everything but audience and candle-snuffer. They are among the first in time of his sea-ditties.

XXXIX

It is told (*Life*, W. H. Curran, 1819) that Curran met a deserter, drank a bottle, and talked of his chances, with him, and put his ideas and sentiments into this song.

XL

The *Arethusa*, Mr. Hannay tells me, being attached to Keppel's fleet at the mouth of the Channel, was sent to order the *Belle Poule*, which was cruising with some smaller craft in search of Keppel's ships, to come under his stern. The *Belle Poule* (commanded by M. Chadeau de la Clocheterie) refusing, the *Arethusa* (Captain Marshall) opened fire. The ships were fairly matched, and in the action which ensued the *Arethusa* appears to have got the worst of it. In the end, after about an hour's fighting, Keppel's liners came up, and the *Belle Poule* made off. She was afterwards driven ashore by a superior English force, and it is an odd coincidence that in 1789 the *Arethusa* ran ashore off Brest during her action (10th March) with *l'Aigrette*. As for the French captain, he lived to command *l'Hercule*, De Grasse's leading ship in the great sea-fight (12th April 1782) with Rodney off Dominica, where he was killed.

XLI

From the *Songs of Experience* (1794).

XLII

Scots Musical Museum, 1788. Adapted from, or rather suggested by, the *Farewell*, which Macpherson, a cateran 'of great personal strength and musical accomplishment,' is said to have played and sung at the gallows foot; thereafter breaking his violin across his knee and submitting his neck to the hangman.

spring=*a melody in quick time* sturt=*molestation*

XLIII

Museum, 1796. Burns told Thomson and Mrs. Dunlop that this noble and most moving song was old; but nobody believed him then, and nobody believes him now.

pint-stoup=*pint-mug*
braes=*hill-sides*
gowans=*daisies*
paidl't=*paddled*
burn=*brook*
fiere=*friend, companion*
guid-willie=*well-meant, full of good-will*
waught=*draught*

XLIV

The first four lines are old. The rest were written apparently in 1788, when the poet sent this song and *Auld Lang Syne* to Mrs. Dunlop. It appeared in the *Museum*, 1790.

tassie=*a cup; Fr.* 'tasse'

XLV

About 1777-80: printed 1801: 'One of my juvenile works,' says Burns, 'I do not think it very remarkable, either for its merits or demerits.' But Hazlitt thought the world of it, and now it passes for one of Burns's masterpieces.

trysted=*appointed*
stoure=*dust and din*

XLVI

Museum, 1796. Attributed, in one shape or another, to a certain Captain Ogilvie. Sharpe, too, printed a broadside in which the third stanza (used more than once by Sir Walter) is found as here. But Scott Douglas (*Burns*, iii. 173) has 'no doubt that this broadside was printed after 1796,' and as it stands the thing is assuredly the work of Burns. The refrain and the metrical structure have been used by Scott (*Rokeby*, iv. 28), Carlyle, Charles Kingsley (*Dolcino to Margaret*), and Mr. Swinburne (*A Reiver's Neck-Verse*), among others.

XLVII—LII

Of the first four numbers, the high-water mark of Wordsworth's achievement, all four were written in 1802; the second and third were published in 1803; the first and fourth in 1807. The *Ode to Duty* was written in 1805, and published in 1807, to which year belongs that *Song for the Feast of Brougham Castle*, from which I have extracted the excellent verses here called *Two Victories*.

LIII—LXII

The first three numbers are from *Marmion* (1808): I. Introduction; V. 12; and VI. 18–20, 25–27, and 33–34. The next is from *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), I. 1–9; *The Outlaw* is from

Rokeby (1813), III. 16; the *Pibroch* was published in 1816; *The Omnipotent* and *The Red Harlaw* are from *The Antiquary* (1816), and the *Farewell* from *The Pirate* (1821). As for *Bonny Dundee*, that incomparable ditty, it was written as late as 1825. 'The air of Bonny Dundee running in my head to-day,' he writes under date of 22nd December (*Diary*, 1890, i. 61), 'I wrote a few verses to it before dinner, taking the key-note from the story of Clavers leaving the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1688–9. *I wonder if they are good.*' See *The Doom of Devorgoil* (1830), Note A, Act II. sc. 2.

LXIII

The unsurpassed piece of art, in which a music the most exquisite is used to body forth a set of suggestions that seem dictated by the very Spirit of Romance, was produced, under the influence of 'an anodyne,' as early as 1797. Coleridge, who calls it *Kubla Khan: A Vision within a Dream*, avers that, having fallen asleep in his chair over a sentence from Purchas's Pilgrimage—'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereto; and thus ten miles of ground were enclosed with a wall,'—he remained unconscious for about three hours, 'during which time he had the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than three hundred lines'; 'if that,' he adds, 'can be called composition, in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort.' On awakening, he proceeded to write out his 'composition,' and had set down as much of it as is printed here, when 'he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock,' whose departure, an hour after, left him wellnigh oblivious of the rest. This confession, which is dated 1816, has been generally accepted as true; but Coleridge had a trick of dreaming dreams about himself which makes doubt permissible.

LXIV

From the *Hellenics* (written in Latin, 1814–20, and translated into English at the instance of Lady Blessington), 1846. See Colvin, *Landor* ('English Men of Letters'), pp. 189, 190.

LXV—LXVII

Of the first, 'Napoleon and the British Sailor' (*The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, 1842), Campbell writes that the 'anecdote has been published in several public journals, both French and English.' 'My belief,' he continues, 'in its authenticity was confirmed by an Englishman, long resident in Boulogne, lately telling me that he remembered the circumstance to have been generally talked

of in the place.' Authentic or not, I have preferred the story to *Hohenlinden*, as less hackneyed, for one thing, and, for another, less pretentious and rhetorical. The second (*Gertude of Wyoming*, 1809) is truly one of 'the glories of our birth and state.' The third (*idem*) I have ventured to shorten by three stanzas: a proceeding which, however culpable it seem, at least gets rid of the chief who gave a country's wounds relief by stopping a battle, eliminates the mermaid and her song (the song that 'condoles'), and ends the lyric on as sonorous and romantic a word as even Shakespeare ever used.

LXVIII

Corn Law Rhymes, 1831.

LXIX

From that famous and successful forgery, Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song* (1810), written when Allan was a working mason in Dumfriesshire. I have omitted a stanza as inferior to the rest.

LXXI

English Songs and other Small Poems, 1834.

LXXII—LXXVIII

The first is from the *Hebrew Melodies*, (1815); the next is selected from *The Siege of Corinth* (1816), 22-33; *Alhama* (*idem*) is a spirited yet faithful rendering of the *Romance muy Doloroso del Sitio y Toma de Alhama*, which existed both in Spanish and in Arabic, and whose effect was such that 'it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors on the pain of death in Granada' (Byron); No. LXXV., surely one of the bravest songs in the language, was addressed (*idem*) to Thomas Moore; the tremendous *Race with Death* is lifted out of the *Ode in Venice* (1819); for the next number see *Don Juan*, III. (1821); the last of all, 'Stanzas inscribed *On this day I completed my Thirty-sixth year*' (1824), is the last verse that Byron wrote.

LXXIX

Napier has described the terrific effect of Napoleon's pursuit; but in the operations before Corunna he was distanced, if not outgeneralled, by Sir John Moore, and ere the first days of 1809 he gave his command to Soult, who pressed us vainly through the hill-country between Leon and Gallicia, and got beaten at Corunna for his pains. Wolfe, who was an Irish parson and died of consumption, wrote some spirited verses on the flight of Busaco, but this admirable elegy—'I will show you,' said

Byron to Shelley (Medwin, ii. 154) 'one you have never seen, that I consider little if at all inferior to the best, the present prolific age has brought forth'—remains his passport to immortality. It was printed, not by the author, in an Irish newspaper; was copied all over Britain; was claimed by liar after liar in succession; and has been reprinted more often, perhaps, than any poem of the century.

LXXX

From *Snarleyow, or the Dog Fiend* (1837). Compare Nelson to Collingwood: '*Victory*, 25th June, 1805,—May God bless you and send you alongside the *Santissima Trinidad*.'

LXXXI, LXXXII

The story of Casabianca is, I believe, untrue; but the intention of the singer, alike in this number and in the next, is excellent. Each indeed is, in its way, a classic. The *Mayflower* sailed from Southampton in 1626.

LXXXIII

This magnificent sonnet, *On First Reading Chapman's Homer*, was printed in 1817. The 'Cortez' of the eleventh verse is a mistake: the discoverer of the Pacific being Nuñez de Balboa.

LXXXIV—LXXXVII

The *Lays* are dated 1824; they have passed through edition after edition; and if Matthew Arnold disliked and contemned them (see Sir F. H. Doyle, *Reminiscences and Opinions*, pp. 178–87), the general is wise enough to know them by heart. But a book that is 'a catechism to fight' (in Jonson's phrase) would have sinned against itself had it taken no account of them, and I have given *Horatius* in its integrity: if only, as Landor puts it,

> To show the British youth, who ne'er
> Will lag behind, what Romans were,
> When all the Tuscans and their Lars
> Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

As for *The Armada*, I have preferred it to *The Battle of Naseby*, first, because it is neither vicious nor ugly, and the other is both; and, second, because it is so brilliant an outcome of that capacity for dealing with proper names which Macaulay, whether poet or not, possesses in common with none but certain among the greater poets. For *The Last Buccaneer* (a curious anticipation of some effects of Mr. Rudyard Kipling), and that noble thing, the *Jacobite's Epitaph*, they are dated 1839 and 1845 respectively.

LXXXVIII

The Poetical Works of Robert Stephen Hawker (Kegan Paul, 1879). By permission of Mrs. R. S. Hawker. 'With the exception of the choral lines—

> And shall Trelawney die?
> There's twenty thousand Cornishmen
> Will know the reason why!—

and which have been, ever since the imprisonment by James II. of the Seven Bishops—one of them Sir Jonathan Trelawney—a popular proverb throughout Cornwall, the whole of this song was composed by me in the year 1825. I wrote it under a stag-horned oak in Sir Beville's Walk in Stowe Wood. It was sent by me anonymously to a Plymouth paper, and there it attracted the notice of Mr. Davies Gilbert, who reprinted it at his private press at Eastbourne under the avowed impression that it was the original ballad. It had the good fortune to win the eulogy of Sir Walter Scott, who also deemed it to be the ancient song. It was praised under the same persuasion by Lord Macaulay and Mr. Dickens.'—*Author's Note.*

LXXXIX—XCII

From *The Sea Side and the Fire Side*, 1851; *Birds of Passage, Flight the First*, and *Flight the Second;* and *Flower de Luce*, 1866. Of these four examples of the picturesque and taking art of Longfellow, I need say no more than that all are printed in their integrity, with the exception of the first. This I leave the lighter by a moral and an application, both of which, superfluous or not, are remote from the general purpose of this book: a confession in which I may include the following number, Mr. Whittier's *Barbara Frietchie* (*In War-Time*, 1863).

XCIV

Nineteenth Century, March 1878; *Ballads and other Poems*, 1880. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan, to whom I am indebted for some of my choicest numbers. For the story of Sir Richard Grenville's heroic death, 'in the last of August,' 1591—after the Revenge had endured the onset of 'fifteen several armadas,' and received some 'eight hundred shot of great artillerie,' —see Hakluyt (1598–1600), ii. 169–176, where you will find it told with singular animation and directness by Sir Walter Raleigh, who held a brief against the Spaniards in Sir Richard's case as always. To Sir Richard's proposal to blow up the ship the master gunner 'readily condescended,' as did 'divers others'; but the captain was of 'another opinion,' and in the end Sir Richard was taken aboard the ship of the Spanish admiral, Don Alfonso de Bazan, who used him well and honourably until he died:

leaving to his friends the 'comfort that being dead he hath not outlived his own honour,' and that he hath nobly shown how false and vain, and therefore how contrary to God's will, the 'ambitious and bloudie practices of the Spaniards' were.

XCV

Tiresias and other Poems, 1885. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan. Included at Lord Tennyson's own suggestion. For the noble feat of arms (25th October 1854) thus nobly commemorated, see Kinglake (v. i. 102–66). 'The three hundred of the Heavy Brigade who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the second squadron of the Enniskillings, the remainder of the "Heavy Brigade" subsequently dashing up to their support. The "three" were Scarlett's aide-de-camp, Elliot, and the trumpeter, and Shegog the orderly, who had been close behind him.'—*Author's Note.*

XCVI, XCVII

The Return of the Guards and other Poems, 1866. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan. As to the first, which deals with an incident of the war with China, and is presumably referred to 1860: 'Some Seiks and a private of the Buffs (or East Kent Regiment) having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities and commanded to perform the *Ko tou*. The Seiks obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head and his body thrown upon a dunghill.'—Quoted by the author from *The Times*. The Elgin of line 6 is Henry Bruce, eighth Lord Elgin (1811–1863), then Ambassador to China, and afterwards Governor-General of India. Compare *Theology in Extremis* (*post*, p. 309). Of the second, which Mr. Saintsbury describes 'as one of the most lofty, insolent, and passionate things concerning this matter that our time has produced,' Sir Francis notes that the incident—no doubt a part of the conquest of Sindh—was told him by Sir Charles Napier, and that 'Truckee' (line 12)='a stronghold in the Desert, supposed to be unassailable and impregnable.'

XCVIII, XCIX

By permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. *Dramatic Lyrics*, 1845; *Cornhill Magazine*, June 1871, and *Pacchiarotto*, 1876. Works iv. and xiv. I can find nothing about Hervé Riel.

C—CIII

The two first are from the 'Song of Myself,' *Leaves of Grass* (1855); the others from *Drum Taps* (1865). See *Leaves of Grass* (Philadelphia, 1884), pp. 60, 62–63, 222, and 246.

CIV, CV

By permission of Messrs. Macmillan. Dated severally 1857 and 1859.

CVI

Edinburgh Courant, 1852. Compare *The Loss of the 'Birkenhead'* in *The Return of the Guards, and other Poems* (Macmillan, 1883), pp. 256–58. Of the troopship *Birkenhead* I note that she sailed from Queenstown on the 7th January 1852, with close on seven hundred souls on board; that the most of them were soldiers—of the Twelfth Lancers, the Sixtieth Rifles, the Second, Sixth, Forty-third, Forty-fifth, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Ninety-first Regiments; that she struck on a rock (26th February 1852) off Simon's Bay, South Africa; that the boats would hold no more than a hundred and thirty-eight, and that, the women and children being safe, the men that were left—four hundred and fifty-four, all told—were formed on deck by their officers, and went down with the ship, true to colours and discipline till the end.

CVII—CIX

By permission of Messrs. Macmillan. From *Empedocles on Etna* (1853). As regards the second number, it may be noted that Sohrab, being in quest of his father Rustum, to whom he is unknown, offers battle, as one of the host of the Tartar King Afrasiab, to any champion of the Persian Kai Khosroo. The challenge is accepted by Rustum, who fights as a nameless knight (like Wilfrid of Ivanhoe at the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Ashby), and so becomes the unwitting slayer of his son. For the story of the pair the poet refers his readers to Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia*. See *Poems*, by Matthew Arnold (Macmillan), i. 268, 269.

CX, CXI

Ionica (Allen, 1891). By permission of the Author. *School Fencibles* (1861) was 'printed, not published, in 1877.' *The Ballad for a Boy*, Mr. Cory writes, 'was never printed till this year.'

CXII

By permission of the Author. This ballad, which was suggested, Mr. Meredith tells me, by the story of Bendigeid Vran, the son of Llyr, in the *Mabinogion* (iii. 121–9), is reprinted from *Modern Love* (1862), but it originally appeared (*circ.* 1860) in *Once a Week*, a forgotten print the source of not a little unforgotten stuff—as *Evan Harrington* and the first part of *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

CXIII

From the fourth and last book of *Sigurd the Volsung*, 1877. By permission of the Author. Hogni and Gunnar, being the

guests of King Atli, husband to their sister Gudrun, refuse to tell him the whereabouts of the treasure of Fafnir, whom Sigurd slew; and this is the manner of their taking and the beginning of King Atli's vengeance.

CXIV

English Illustrated Magazine, January 1890, and *Lyrical Poems* (Macmillan, 1891). By permission of the Author: with whose sanction I have omitted four lines from the last stanza.

CXV

By permission of Sir Alfred Lyall. *Cornhill Magazine*, September 1868, and *Verses Written in India* (Kegan Paul, 1889). The second title is: *A Soliloquy that may have been delivered in India, June* 1857; and this is further explained by the following 'extract from an Indian newspaper':—'They would have spared life to any of their English prisoners who should consent to profess Mohametanism by repeating the usual short formula; but only one half-caste cared to save himself that way.' Then comes the description, *Moriturus Loquitur*, and next the poem.

CXVI—CXVIII

From *Songs before Sunrise* (Chatto and Windus, 1877), and the third series of *Poems and Ballads* (Chatto and Windus, 1889). By permission of the Author.

CXIX, CXX

The Complete Poetical Works of Bret Harte (Chatto and Windus, 1886). By permission of Author and Publisher. *The Reveillé* was spoken before a Union Meeting at San Francisco at the beginning of the Civil War, and appeared in a volume of the Author's poems in 1867. *What the Bullet Sang* is much later work: dating, thinks Mr. Harte, from '79 or '80.

CXXI

St. James's Magazine, October 1877, and *At the Sign of the Lyre* (Kegan Paul, 1889). By permission of the Author.

CXXII

St. James's Gazette, 20th July 1888, and *Grass of Parnassus* (Longmans, 1888). By permission of Author and Publisher. Written in memory of Gordon's betrayal and death, but while there were yet hopes and rumours of escape.

CXXIII

Underwoods (Chatto and Windus, 1886). By permission of the Publishers.

CXXIV

Love's Looking-Glass (Percival, 1891). By permission of the Author.

CXXV

Macmillan's Magazine, November 1889. By permission of the Author. Kamal Khan is a Pathan; and the scene of this exploit —which, I am told, is perfectly consonant with the history and tradition of Guides and Pathans both—is the North Frontier country in the Peshawar-Kohat region, say, between Abazai and Bonair, behind which is stationed the Punjab Irregular Frontier Force—'the steel head of the lance couched for the defence of India.' As for the Queen's Own Corps of Guides, to the general 'God's Own Guides' (from its exclusiveness and gallantry), it comprehends both horse and foot, is recruited from Sikhs, Pathans, Rajputs, Afghans, all the fighting races, is officered both by natives and by Englishmen, and in all respects is worthy of this admirable ballad.

Ressaldar=*the native leader of a* ressala *or troop of horse*
Tongue=*a barren and naked strath*—'what geologists call a fan'
Gut of the Tongue=*the narrowest part of the strath*
dust-devils=*dust-clouds blown by a whirlwind*

CXXVI

National Observer, 4th April 1891. At the burning of the Court-House at Cork, 'Above the portico a flagstaff bearing the Union Jack remained fluttering in the air for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in the incident.'—DAILY PAPERS. *Author's Note.*

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NOTES

NOTES

I. Page 1.

The blank verse extracts are from the 'Choruses' to Shakespeare's *Henry V.*; the ballad is by Michael Drayton.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, and having come up to London at an uncertain date (probably 1586), had already won for himself a name as actor and dramatist in 1592. Hardly anything is known of his private life beyond the fact that, having made his fortune, he returned to Stratford, where he finally settled in 1611 and died in 1616. His first published works were the poems *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, which appeared in 1593 and 1594 respectively. Most of the *Sonnets* belong to the same period, though they were not published till 1609. As a dramatist he began by refashioning older plays, such as *Titus Andronicus*. Then followed the light love-comedies, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, etc., leading up to the great love-tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, and the early historical plays showing the influence of Marlowe, such as *Richard II.* and *III.* Next comes the period of Shakespeare's early maturity, when he produced histories such as *Henry V.*, comedies such as *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *As You Like It*, and tragedies such as *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. With the further development of his genius he turned to the highest themes of tragedy and produced *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Lear*, later *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, and also bitter comedies such as *Measure for Measure* and *Troilus and Cressida*. Later still he returned to a more romantic style, and closed his career with plays like *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*. Looking at his own unassisted work, it would seem that his genius, starting with the rather conventional love themes of the early comedy and the straightforward and dramatic narrative of the somewhat later history and tragedy, had worked through a period of storm and darkness, and achieved at last a harmony of beauty and joy. In this strange completeness of his own development, Shakespeare stands alone among the great writers of the world. Of his thirty-

seven plays, none were prepared for the press by himself, those that appeared during his lifetime being publishers' ventures, while his collected dramatic works were edited after his death by his fellow-actors, Heming and Condell, in the folio of 1623.

The passages here selected are typical of Shakespeare's style during his middle period, when he achieved perfect balance of thought and diction; in them there is not a word or syllable that does not contribute to heighten the general effect, while they are free from the occasional ruggedness and obscurity, arising from the struggle to condense into form the torrential flow of his thought, that characterises some of the later plays. *Henry V.* seems to have been first acted in 1599, and was published in a very mutilated state in the quarto of 1600. The received text is based on that of the folio of 1623, which was the first to give the prologues or choruses, from which the present extracts are taken.

Michael Drayton, the author of *The Ballad of Agincourt*, was a voluminous contemporary of Shakespeare's, whose most important work is the great historico-geographical poem in thirty books known as *Poly-Olbion*. He was also a prolific playwright, though most of his work in this line, much of which was produced in collaboration with such writers as Dekker, Chettle, and Munday, has perished. The play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, however, which was wrongly ascribed to Shakespeare, is in part from his pen and has survived. As a lyrist he displayed considerable facility and grace, and is best known by the present poem, and the sonnet, 'Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part' (see Henley's *English Lyrics*, No. 102), which is so perfect in form as to challenge comparison with the best of Shakespeare's.

Drayton was born of uncertain parentage at Hartshill in Warwickshire in 1563, thus being the countryman and almost exact contemporary of Shakespeare, whom, however, he survived by several years. Little is known of his early life, and we first hear of him in London in 1591. In that year he began his literary career with the publication of some metrical paraphrases of Scripture. Before leaving Warwickshire he had become attached to a lady whose identity is not known, but whom for many years he continued to celebrate under the poetical name of Idea; he died unmarried. Besides the *Poly-Olbion* he left a long historical poem on the *Barons' Wars*, a series of *England's Heroical Epistles* in imitation of Ovid's *Heroides*, and various historical *Legends*. *The Ballad of Agincourt*, or *Ode to my Friends the Camber-Britons on their Harp*, as it was originally called, first appeared in the *Poems Lyric and Pastoral*, published without date, but probably in 1606. It was reprinted in the *Poems* of 1619, which is the text here followed; the two vary occasionally, but the differences are unimportant. The Ballad must not be confused with the author's longer heroic poem, *The Battle of Agincourt*, published in 1627. Drayton died in 1631.

The main events of the campaign, that was finally decided on the field of Azincourt or Agincourt, were as follows. France had suffered considerably from internal factions during the minority of Charles VI., and when later on the state of his mind necessitated the appointment of a regency, open feud broke out between the parties. For some time the land was in a constant state of turmoil, and the streets of Paris ran with blood. The occasion seemed to Henry propitious for an attempt to make good the losses sustained under Richard II., and he consequently sent to France offering perpetual peace and alliance in exchange for the hand of Catherine, the sovereignty of Normandy and other lost provinces, and the sum of three and a half million crowns. His demands were not acceded to, but counter-proposals were made, sufficiently ample, but which failed to satisfy Henry, who, having collected an army of about 6000 horse and 24,000 foot, landed near Harfleur in August 1415. Having reduced that place by the middle of September, and his army being much diminished by dysentery and the casualties of the siege, he saw that further hostile operations were impracticable. Whether out of pure bravado, or being forced thereto by his having dismissed his transport, which could find no accommodation on the hostile coast, he determined to march to Calais through the provinces of Normandy, Picardy, and Artois. In this march he was much harassed by the French army, which had meantime assembled, and which, after vainly attempting to prevent his passage of the Somme, finally threw itself across his path and forced a general engagement on the plains near the village and castle of Azincourt. The enemy, under the command of the Constable of France, outnumbered the English, it is said, by about six to one, and were plentifully supplied with provisions of every sort, while Henry's men were worn with sickness and want of food. Adopting the tactics of Crecy and Poictiers, the king drew up his men in a strong position overlooking the plain and reinforced with palisadoes, and waited for the French to attack. He also sent out two bodies, unbeknown to the enemy, to lie in ambush on their flank and rear. Without profiting by past experience, the French, contrary to the intention of the Constable, attacked, and while engaged in the restricted space between the woods, on which rested the wings of the English army, were thrown into confusion by the archers. Henry then ordered an advance both of horse and foot, and the disordered vanguard of the enemy was hewn to pieces. At the same time the archers in ambush engaged the main body of the enemy, who, though shaken and dismayed, maintained a stout resistance for some time, both against the attack on their left flank and the main force under Henry. There was yet a third body in reserve, but on witnessing the fate of the rest of the army it began to waver, and when the second flanking party sent out by the king appeared in its rear, it broke and fled. The loss on the side of the French was very great, 10,000 being slain, of whom

more than 8000 are said to have been of gentle birth, and 14,000 taken prisoners. The loss to the conquerors is computed at 1600.

INTROIT. *Henry V.*, Act I. Prol. 1–30.

An 'introit' is a piece of vocal music performed on the entrance of the priest at the beginning of service; hence, an introduction.

11. *cockpit.* Shakespeare calls the theatre a cockpit on account of its shape. Most, though not all, of the theatres in his day were circular, with the seats going all round except for the stage, from which a platform projected into the uncovered space in the centre, in the rest of which stood the 'groundlings' or lowest class of the audience. There was at one period a theatre which was called the 'Cockpit,' having previously been used as such, but it was not converted till the reign of James I.

13. *this wooden O.* The theatre where the play was produced, no doubt the old 'Globe' theatre on the Bankside. It was built of timber and was circular inside, which explains the phrase. This is specially applicable in the case of the 'Globe' theatre, which had Hercules supporting the world for its sign, and Shakespeare elsewhere speaks of 'this little O, the earth' (*Ant. and Cleo.* v. ii. 81).

25. *puissance.* An armed force. The word must be read as a trisyllable.

INTERLUDE. Act II. Prol. 1–30.

An interlude is a short musical composition performed in the intervals of a longer one.

14–15. Note the striking use made in these lines of the alliteration on *s* and *p*.

20, etc. At the moment of starting a plot was discovered to kill the king and place on the throne the Earl of March, legal heir to Richard II. The chief conspirators were Henry's own cousin Richard, lately created Earl of Cambridge, who had married Anne, the sister of the Earl of March, Sir Thomas Grey of Heton a Northumbrian knight, and Lord Scrope of Masham. What these three hoped to gain by their treason, to what extent they had definitely pledged themselves, or, indeed, what truth there was in the whole story, it is impossible now to ascertain, for the trial was pushed through with all despatch and small regard to the legality of the proceedings, and the three were at once condemned and executed. The Earl of March himself afterwards received a free pardon from the king, and consequently has by some been thought to have been personally implicated, but this is unlikely in view of the fact that he was allowed to sit among the judges at the trial.

HARFLEUR. Act III. Prol. 1–34.

In connection with this should be read King Harry's famous speech to his men before Harfleur, beginning:—

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

(Act III. Sc. i. 1–34.) It must, however, be remembered that though at first they had to repulse a good many sorties, the town was not stormed but reduced by famine.

4. *Hampton.* This is Theobald's emendation for the folio's reading 'Dover.' It was, no doubt, at Southampton that the king embarked (see Interlude, l. 30), but there is no reason to suppose that the slip was not Shakespeare's.

14. *rivage.* The shore (borrowed from the French).

18. *grapple.* To attach with grappling irons, *i.e.* hooks used in ancient naval warfare to fasten one ship alongside another for the purpose of boarding.

to sternage. Possibly 'to the sternage,' *i.e.* the stern or steerage, but more probably used adverbially for 'astern.'

29, etc. The actual offers made by France were (i) the hand of Catherine, (ii) 800,000 crowns, (iii) the sovereignty of Guienne with the country of Perigord, Rovergue, Xaintonge, the Angoumois, etc.

THE EVE. Act IV. Prol. 1–48.

9. *battle.* An army, or division of an army, drawn up in fighting order.

umbered. Shadowed. Lat. *umbra.*

12. *accomplishing.* Equipping, making ready.

19. That is, 'play at dice for the English,' probably for their spoils or ransoms. This detail, according to Collier, is mentioned by Holinshed, the author of the great history of the British Isles, whence the dramatists drew nearly all their historical material.

36. *enrounded.* Surrounded (a rare and obsolete form).

THE BATTLE. Drayton's *Ballad of Agincourt.*

6. *Caux.* 'Commonlie called Kidcaux,' says Holinshed, whom Drayton, like Shakespeare, follows. It was the district north-east of the mouth of the Seine, and is now included in the department of Seine-Inférieure, where it still appears in such names as Gournay en Caux, Cauville, etc. Harfleur lay in it.

9, etc. The advance, though a very daring feat, was hardly the triumphal progress here represented. According to Hume, Henry offered to exchange his conquest of Harfleur for a free pass for himself and his army to Calais.

17, etc. Baron de Helly with two other French knights was sent to summon Henry to surrender, as we learn from the contemporary ballad:—

The lord Haly untrewe knyȝt
Until oure kyng he come in hye,
And sayd: 'Syre, ȝeld ȝou withoute fyȝt
And save ȝoure self and ȝoure meyney.'

45. *grandsire.* Edward III. The term is equivalent to 'ancestor,' Edward being the great-grandfather of Henry V., whose father, Henry IV., was the only son of John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III.

49, etc. This is taken directly from Holinshed, who writes:—

He appointed a vaward [vanguard], of which he made capteine Edward duke of Yorke, who of a haultie [haughty] courage had desired that office, and with him were the lords Beaumont, Willoughbie, and Fanhope, and this battell [division] was all archers. The middle ward [main body] was governed by the king himselfe, with his brother the duke of Glocester, and the earles of Marshall, Oxenford, and Suffolke, in the which were all the strong bilmen. The duke of Excester [Exeter] uncle [cousin] to the king led the rereward [rearguard], which was mixed both with bilmen and archers. The horssemen like wings went on everie side of the battell [army].'

49. *The Duke of York.* Edward, Duke of York, was the son of Edmond of Langly, younger brother to John of Gaunt, and was thus cousin to Henry V. He paid for his 'haultie courage' with his life, being almost the only man of note slain on the English side.

53. *Excester.* John Holland, Duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntington, was the son of John Holland, who married Elisabeth, sister of Henry IV., was raised to the peerage by Richard II., and beheaded in 1400 for treason. The titles were forfeited through his father's attainder, but he was restored to the earldom in 1416 in recognition of his services in France and to the dukedom in 1443. His mother married again, a certain Sir John Cornwall, whom both Drayton (l. 112) and Holinshed mention as Lord Fanhope, though he was not raised to the peerage till the eleventh year of Henry VI.

66. 'These [the archers] made somewhat forward, before whome there went an old knight sir Thomas Erpingham (a man of great experience in the warre) with a warder [truncheon] in his hand; and when he cast up his warder, all the army shouted, but that was a signe to the archers in the meadow, which therewith shot wholie altogither at the vanward of the Frenchmen.'—Holinshed.

83. *bilbos.* Swords from Bilboa. Just as the best bows were made from Spanish yew, so too the best swords came from Spain. Drayton elsewhere writes:—

> With blades of Bilbo dealing English blowes.

92. *ding.* To belabour with blows, to beat down.

97. *Glo'ster.* Humphrey, younger brother of the king, who had been created Earl of Pembroke and Duke of Gloucester in 1414. He later became regent during the minority of Henry VI.

101. *Clarence.* Thomas, also a younger brother of Henry, though older than Humphrey, was created Earl of Albemarle and Duke of Clarence in 1412. Drayton is, however, wrong in supposing him to have been present at the battle of Agincourt, since

he had been sent home from Harfleur in charge of prisoners and spoils of war.

105. *Warwick.* Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, a gallant and chivalrous soldier, and the loyal servant of all three Henries. He, however, accompanied the Duke of Clarence in his return to England from Harfleur. Neither of them are mentioned in Holinshed's account of the battle.

106. *Oxford.* Richard de Vere, Earl of Oxford, succeeded to the title in 1400, and survived till 1417.

109. *Suffolk.* Michael de la Pole, third Earl of Suffolk, followed his father, Michael the second Earl, on Henry's expedition. His father died of dysentery before Harfleur in September, and he himself, 'distinguished among all the courtiers for his bravery, courage, and activity,' fell at Agincourt.

110. Compare note on l. 49, etc.

113. *Saint Crispin's Day.* 'The daie following was the five and twentith of October in the year 1415, being then fridaie, and the feast of Crispine and Crispinian, a day faire and fortunate to the English, but most sorrowfull and unluckie to the French.'—Holinshed.

After. Act v. Prol. 6-28.

7. *whiffler.* Herald or usher. Originally a piper who led a procession (*whiffle*, to blow or pipe).

16. *ostent.* Clear, visible.

II. Page 11.

Sir Henry Wotton was an active diplomatist and *littérateur* of the reign of James I. He was born at Boughton Hall in Kent as early as 1568 of an old family which had been distinguished for their services to the Crown since the days of Edward IV. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and subsequently travelled on the continent, earning considerable reputation as a writer by his tragedy of *Tancredo* and his Latin orations '*de oculo*.' On his return he became secretary to the Earl of Essex, and on the arrest of the latter on the charge of high treason was forced to fly the country. He first went to Venice, where he wrote his political reflections on the *State of Christendom*, and subsequently to Florence, where he was well received at court. In 1602 he was sent by the Grand Duke Ferdinand on a secret mission to warn James VI. of a plot against his life that had been discovered in some letters intercepted at Florence. It was a happy chance for Wotton, for James did not forget him, and on Elizabeth's death he was at once summoned to return and received the honour of knighthood. He was offered a variety of posts as ambassador, and chose Venice as being best suited to a slender income. He occupied this post, with intervals during which he was intrusted with missions to France and Vienna, for twenty years. He had the misfortune to

lose the king's favour, and when he retired from Venice in 1624, 'absolutely penniless,' he for some time sought in vain for employment. At last he had the good fortune to obtain the provostship of Eton, a post he held till his death in 1639. He had ambitious literary plans, and even obtained moneys from the king for their execution, but he was fond of quiet reading and of society, and having been ordained, spent much time in private devotions, so that they seem to have remained plans, and a few rough notes are all that has survived. He is best remembered now as the graceful author of certain occasional verses, especially of the charming lyric *On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia*, written to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., which begins:—

You meaner beauties of the night.

(See Henley's *English Lyrics*, No. 138.)

The present poem was first printed in the fourth edition of Overbury's *Wife and Characters* (on sig. F 2), as *The Character of a Happy Life, By H. W.*, in 1614. It appeared in all the subsequent editions of that work, and from that of 1638 (*not* from the *Reliquiæ*) found its way into Bishop Percy's *Reliques* in 1765. It was printed, from a distinct MS., in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* in 1651, and there is also a MS. copy extant at Dulwich in the handwriting of Ben Jonson. It seems to have been a favourite poem of Jonson's, who repeated it to Drummond of Hawthornden when he visited him in Scotland in 1619. In Drummond's notes of the conversation it is erroneously ascribed to Sir Edward Wotton, Henry's elder brother. There are therefore three distinct texts: (i) Jonson's MS. as printed by Collier (*Memoirs of E. Alleyn*) and quoted by Dyce (*Poems of Sir H. W.*, Percy Soc., 1843), referred to in the notes as J.; (ii) the text given in Overbury's *Wife*, 1614, referred to as O. (the fourth edition is not in the British Museum, I have therefore been obliged to give the readings of the fifth, belonging to the same year); and (iii) that of the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* of 1651, referred to as R. The text given in the *Lyra Heroica* is none of these, but follows that printed by Percy (referred to as P.), whose variations from O. are merely due to errors of transcription or printing. The text of the *Reliquiæ* is on the whole by far the best, and I therefore here reprint it (modernised from Dyce's edition) with such variants from J. and O. as appear of sufficient value to be recorded.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Un-tied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

[4. And silly truth his highest skill.—J., O.
8. Of prince's grace or vulgar breath.—J.
Of princely love or vulgar breath.—O.
9, etc. Stanzas 3 and 4 are transposed in J. and O.
11. How swords give slighter wounds than praise.—J.
13. *rumour*. humour.—J.
14. *ever*. never.—O. (A very inferior reading.)
16. *oppressors*. accusers.—J., O.
20. *religious*. well-chosen.—J., O. The change, which is certainly not for the better, was no doubt made after Wotton had taken orders.]

LORD OF HIMSELF. The Character of a Happy Life.—O., R., P.

2. *Who*. *All* texts (including P.) read 'That.'
7. *Not tied*. So P. alone.
8. *ear*. So P. alone.
9. *ear*. *All* texts (including P.) read 'life.'
12. *oppressors*. accusers.—P.
16. The construction of this passage is equally clumsy in all versions. Apparently the line continues the construction of 'Or [should be 'Nor'] vice,' the sense being, 'Who envies none who succeeds through political ability rather than personal probity,' the clause 'who never . . . praise' being parenthetical.
17. His graces more than gifts to lend.—P.
21. *free*. freed.—P.

III. PAGE 12

Benjamin Jonson, who may have inherited his fighting mood from his ancestors the Johnstons of Annandale, is supposed to have been born at Westminster in 1573. He was educated at Westminster School at the expense of William Camden,' the great antiquary, who was then second master, but it appears

was apprenticed to his stepfather's trade, namely bricklaying, instead of proceeding to the university. He ran away to Flanders, where he for a time pursued the fortunes of a soldier in the war with Spain. He returned to London about 1592 and married, not very happily. Five years later we find him mentioned both as a player and playwright by the dramatic manager Henslowe, and in the following year he was counted by Meres among the chief writers of tragedy. In the same year he killed a fellow-actor in duel and suffered imprisonment, 'in the course of which he adopted "on trust" the catholic faith, to abjure it, on conviction twelve years later.' He had violent quarrels with most of the leading—and second-rate—dramatists of the day, especially Dekker, but he was also a warm, though perhaps not a devoted friend, and none has left a more generous tribute to the character aud genius of Shakespeare. His plays are mostly long, but not very numerous, his tragedies are constructed more nearly on the classical lines than was usual among the writers of his day. Of his comedies, though they are at times heavy, some can well claim to be regarded as supreme works of constructive art, and throughout his work bears indications of far more careful and elaborate composition than that of any of his fellow-dramatists. He was employed at the courts of James and Charles as writer of masques, and won and retained the friendship of many among the ablest and noblest men of his day. His genius lent dignity to the office, and he undoubtedly occupies the first place in English literature as a composer of these 'trifles,' while as a lyrist he showed a grace and felicity unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. Jonson lived to what was then held a considerable age, and though always revered and loved by the coterie of young poets he gathered round him, he outlived his powers, his fortune, and his health. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The first extract is taken from the collection of poems entitled *Underwoods*, published posthumously in the second volume of the folio of 1640. It is not known to whom it was addressed; it is simply called *An Ode*.

2. *corsive*. Corrosive, something biting. (It was commonly pronounced 'córrosive' and then shortened to 'corsive.')

16. *commend*. Evidently a misprint for command,' the reading of the folio and of Gifford's edition, and one which is required by the rime and sense alike. The meaning is 'True valour has the power of attaining renown through a single great action.'

IV. Page 13.

In order to bring it under an heroic title, the editor has omitted several lines of this exquisite lyric. It forms the third 'strophe' of an ode on the death of Sir Henry Morison, which seems to have taken place in 1629. It is addressed to Sir Lucius Cary,

who, as Viscount Falkland, distinguished himself on the royalist side during the civil wars, and won the admiration of their historian Lord Clarendon. Cary was the friend of young Morison, and subsequently married his sister Letitia. The poem was first printed at the end of *Ben: Ionson's Execration against Vulcan*, 1640, as an *Ode Pindarick On the Death of Sir Hen. Morison*, and reprinted in the same year at the end of *Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry, Englished by Ben: Jonson*, as an *Ode Pindarick To the Noble Sir Lucius Cary*. It was also included in *Underwoods* in the folio of 1640, with the inscription, 'To the immortal memorie, and friendship of that noble paire, Sir Lucius Cary, and Sir H. Morison.' It is the earliest example of a true Pindaric ode in the language. The whole stanza runs thus in the earliest edition:—

> It is not growing like a tree,
> In bulk doth make man better be,
> Nor standing long an oak, three hundred year,
> To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere;
> A lily of a day
> Is fairer far in May,
> Although it fall and die at night
> It was a plant and flower of light.
> In small proportions we just beauty see,
> And in short measures life may perfect be.

The folio only differs in having the greatly superior reading *that* for *at* in l. 7, and the inferior one *beauties* for *beauty* in l. 9.

V. Page 13.

The lives of **John Fletcher** and **Francis Beaumont** are too closely bound together in the most intimate partnership that the history of letters has to show for it to be possible to separate them here. Unlike many of their fellow-playwrights they were both born of good family, Fletcher being the son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, afterwards Bishop of London, and Beaumont the son of Francis Beaumont, Judge of the Common Pleas, and brother of Sir John Beaumont, the first baronet. Nothing definite is known of Fletcher's youth, but he was born in 1576 at Rye, when his father was minister of that place, and was probably admitted pensioner of St. Benit's (now Corpus) College, Cambridge, in 1591. Of Beaumont's early life we know somewhat more. He was born at the family seat of Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, in 1584, and went to Oxford at the age of twelve, leaving, however, on the death of his father in 1598 without proceeding to a degree. Two years later he was entered as a memoer of the Inner Temple, but it would seem as if both he and his elder brother John were more usually to be found at the Mermaid Tavern, where they became the intimates and bosom friends of Drayton and Ben Jonson. It was doubtless here that the first meeting between Beaumont and Fletcher took place that resulted in that partnership to which

we owe not a few of the finest plays of the period. This seems to have begun about 1607, in which year was acted *The Woman Hater*, the earliest of the plays claiming a double authorship. For some time the two lived together on the Bankside, in Southwark, near the Globe Theatre, having all things in common. About 1613 Beaumont married, and died two years later. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Fletcher continued work as a dramatist till his death in 1625, to a large extent in collaboration with Massinger and Field, while about fifteen plays are ascribed to his unaided hand. 'The literary partnership,' writes the late A. B. Grosart (*Dic. Nat. Biog.*, *s.v.* Beaumont), 'was not one of the sordid arrangements made between needy playwrights of which Henslowe's *Diary* gives many examples; it arose at their own, not at any theatrical manager's prompting.' Their work was welded together in such a manner as to make it impossible to separate it again with any degree of certainty, though the two styles can often be easily distinguished (as in *Four Plays in One*). As a writer of tragedy and serious verse Beaumont was by far the greater of the two, and several of the finest plays, such as *The Maid's Tragedy* and *Philaster*, seem to be almost entirely from his pen; while Fletcher's genius shone chiefly in brilliant dialogue and light romantic comedy, and is seen at its best in *The Wildgoose Chase* and *Monsieur Thomas*. Again, while Beaumont displayed a firmer grasp and more stately manner in writing blank verse, Fletcher had a rarer lyric gift, for I cannot admit with Mr. Fleay that Beaumont had any hand in *The Faithful Shepherdess*.

The specimen here given of Fletcher's power as a lyrist is taken from his play *The Mad Lover* (Act v. Sc. iv.). It cannot be said to be very characteristic, the heroic mood hardly being native to his genius. It was first printed in the collected folio edition of the plays published in 1647, and appeared again in that of 1679. The text here followed is, of course, that of Dyce's edition, but unfortunately it happens to be rather inaccurate in the present instance. The typographical arrangement in the folios makes it probable that the onomatopœic refrains—Dub, dub; tara; hey, hey—are intended as stage directions for the accompaniment or the chorus.

6. *wings*. The flanks of the army, usually composed of cavalry.

7. *vanguard*. The folios read 'vant-guard,' *i.e. avant-garde*.

bravely. That is, in good order, so as to present a fine appearance.

14. The last two repetitions belong to the next line.

15. *in boys, boys in*. So the second folio; the first folio reads: 'in boys in boys in.'

19. *Memnon*. The names are those of characters in the play.

25. The 'Hey, hey,' representing the shouts of the pursuers, belongs to this line.

26. In the folios there is no stop between this line and the next, to which it belongs.

VI. Page 15.

For **Beaumont** see last piece. The fine verses here given are not found in the *Poems* of 1640, and Dyce knew of no copy previous to 1653. Mr. A. H. Bullen, however, has kindly pointed out to me that they occur in the collection of poems called *Wit's Recreations* first printed in 1640, where they are given anonymously with the heading, *In monumenta Westminsteriensia* (No. 477). They were subsequently reprinted in Beaumont's *Poems* in 1653, a collection much enlarged from that of 1640, partly by the insertion of songs, etc., from the plays, partly by additional poems, many of which, however, are known *not* to be by Beaumont. Dyce doubted the genuineness of the present poem.

4. *this.* So in *Wit's Recreations* of 1640. In the later editions (1641, etc.) and the *Poems* the reading is 'these,' which Dyce altered to 'this,' although such loose constructions are far from rare.

7. *sealed.* So both old editions. Dyce needlessly altered it to 'soil'd.'

9. *Here is.* Both editions and Dyce read 'Here's' correctly.

13. *bones of birth.* Apparently the bones with which they were born, and which alone remain after death, to bear witness to their former state.

VII. Page 15.

Robert Herrick, one of the most famous of seventeenth-century lyrists, was born in 1591, the son of a goldsmith of Cheapside, who came, however, of an old Leicestershire family. He was probably educated at Westminster, and later proceeded to Cambridge, where he was successively at St. John's and Trinity Hall, residing, at least nominally, at the last place for about nine years after taking his M.A. degree. In 1629 he was admitted to the living of Dean Prior in Devonshire, where he lived till ejected by the parliamentary party in 1647. He was of a lively and sociable character, and in spite of his genuine love of the country and country life, his poems are full of complaints of the dulness of his life and regrets of the merry days spent in London in the company of Ben Jonson and his circle. Thus he welcomed his ejection with delight and fled up to town, vowing never to set foot in Devonshire again. For the next fifteen years he lived on the kindness of wealthy friends, but when the Restoration came and in 1662 he was offered his old cure, he broke his vow and went once more into banishment at Dean Prior, where he died in 1674. His most important publication, from which both the present extracts are taken, was the *Hesperides: or, The Works both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.*, which appeared in 1648. The famous *King Obron's Feast*, his earliest published work, appeared in 1635. Poems of his are also found in several of the contemporary miscellanies, such as *Wit's Recreations*. His fame rests on his lyrics entirely, whether Pagan or Christian, but he was also the author of many scurrilous and pointless epigrams.

Most of his poems probably belong to his youth, but according to his own statement his best pieces were written in Devonshire.

GOING A-MAYING. Called *Corinna's going a Maying* in *Hesperides*.

2. *the god unshorn.* Apollo. So Horace, 'Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium' (I. 21).

13. *whenas.* Archaic form of 'when,' very common in the seventeenth century.

28. *beads.* Prayers. This is the original meaning of the word, but it is never found except in close reference to the beads of the rosary after the middle of the sixteenth century.

36. 'It is an ancient custom in Devon and Cornwall to deck the porches of houses with boughs of sycamore and hawthorn on Mayday.'—Grosart.

45. *A deal of youth.* That is, 'a large proportion of the youth.'

51. *green-gown.* To give a girl a green gown was a common expression for throwing her down in the grass.

68. The concluding stanza, and especially this line, is imitated from Catullus (Ode v.):—

> Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus . . .
> Soles occidere et redire possunt:
> Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
> Nox est perpetua una dormienda. Etc.

VIII. PAGE 18.

This well-known poem is also from *Hesperides* (see last piece).

2. That is, 'To make protestation of her beauty,' etc.

IX. PAGE 19.

George Herbert, who owes his fame to the slender collection of sacred poems known as *The Temple*, was the son of Sir Richard Herbert, and younger brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and was born at Montgomery Castle in 1593. Educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, he became fellow of the college, sublector, prelector in rhetoric, and finally, in 1619, public orator. He took a prominent part in the academic controversies of the day, and gained favour at court by his letters and conventionally fulsome orations. At this time he had the intention of seeking office at court, but it was the Church that really attracted him, and while yet unordained and undecided between the lives of the courtier and the divine, he was presented to the prebend of Layton Ecclesia. This brought him in contact with a former acquaintance of his undergraduate days, Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding, and it was no doubt to his influence, combined with his mother's and the chance of an interview with Laud, that in 1630 he was instituted to the rectory of Fugglestone with Bemerton in Wiltshire. He had married about a year previously, and devoted

the few remaining years of his life—he had for some time past been threatened with consumption—to the duties of his office, the restoration of Bemerton Church, and the composition of his sacred poems. The MS. of these he left to the care of his friend of Little Gidding, by whom they were first printed privately without date, and then published at Cambridge, two editions bearing the date of Herbert's death, 1633.

MEMENTO MORI. The title of the poem in *The Temple* is *Virtue.*

5. *angry.* The colour of an angry face, *i.e.* red.

X. PAGE 20.

James Shirley, dramatist, the last inheritor of Shakespearian tradition, was born, probably of humble parentage, at Walbrook in 1596. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and proceeded to Oxford, where he graduated about 1618, and took orders a few years later. According to Anthony-à-Wood, who is almost the only authority for his life, after holding a living for a few years he became a convert to Rome and master of Edward VI.'s Grammar School at St. Albans. He seems to have been of a restless disposition, for in 1625 he gave up the scholastic profession and moved to London, where his first play was licensed early in the following year. He had now found his true calling, and with the exception of some visits to Ireland in the later thirties, he spent his life catering for the London stage till the closing of the theatres in 1642. He then left town, and may have followed the Earl of Newcastle in the war till after the battle of Marston Moor, when he seems to have returned and lived a retired life among his friends. During the Commonwealth he is said to have resumed his occupation of schoolmaster, but he retained his interest in the stage, editing the 1647 edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and collecting two volumes of his own, published respectively in 1653 and 1659. He does not seem to have written for the stage after the Restoration, though he lived till 1666 and saw several of his plays revived. He belongs more strictly to the school of Fletcher, whom he often resembles in his light comedy and somewhat loosely constructed romantic tragedies; he was, however, also influenced in comedy by Ben Jonson. His best plays have a lively interest and romantic grace that rendered them immensely popular in their day. The specimen of his powers as a lyrist here given is alike the best and best known of his songs, in which as in his plays the influence of Fletcher is predominant. It is from the short dramatic piece entitled *The Contention of Ajax and Ulisses for the Armour of Achilles,* privately acted, and first printed at the end of *Honoria and Mammon* in 1659, where it is sung at the funeral of Ajax. It was set to music by Edward Coleman, a popular composer of the second half of the seventeenth century, is said

to have terrified Cromwell, and was a favourite song of Charles II.

10. *when*. Should be 'where.'

XI. Page 21.

John Milton, the son of a musician and scrivener of Cheapside, was born in 1608, and as a boy was educated at St. Paul's School. In 1625 he went to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he resided till he had taken his M.A. degree in 1632, in which year he settled with his father at Horton and lived there, with frequent visits to town till 1638. He had intended taking orders, but, alienated by the policy of Laud, devoted himself to literature and study. Most of his early poems belong to the Horton time, except the *Ode on the Nativity*, which was written in 1629, and possibly *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, to which criticism now tends to assign a slightly later date. In 1633 Milton supplied the libretto for Lawes' music at the masque presented to the Countess-dowager of Derby at Harefield, afterwards published as *Arcades*, and in the following year again collaborated with Lawes at the masque performed before the Earl of Bridgewater at Ludlow Castle, producing the famous *Comus*. Lastly, in 1637, the death of his friend Edward King called forth the elegy of *Lycidas*. In 1638 Milton left home and spent fifteen months travelling on the Continent. On his return he settled in London, became tutor to his nephews, and began to contemplate some great poetical work. But the troubles of the times soon diverted his mind from poetry: he entered the lists of ecclesiastical controversy on the Puritan side, and used his pen with characteristic earnestness, but too often in unworthy personal abuse. In 1643, shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War, Milton, for no assignable reason, married the seventeen-year-old daughter of Richard Powell of Forest Hill, Oxfordshire, 'a jovial and free-living cavalier.' A month later the bride returned to her father's house, and Milton wrote his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, a work which caused Bishop Howell to style him 'a shallow-pated puppy.' The pamphlet had been issued without licence, and an ordinance from parliament, though not acted upon, led to the composition of the *Areopagitica* on the freedom of the press. The *Tetrachordon* and other pamphlets followed. In the meantime the Powells had been ruined by the ill-success of the royal cause, and his wife sought to return to him. After a time he consented to receive her again, and they lived together till her death in 1652. After the execution of Charles, Milton became Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and in the same year wrote, by order of the Commons, his *Eikonoklastes* in answer to the *Eikon Basilike*. At this period his eyesight, impaired in youth by over-study, failed. He continued, however, to hold his post as Secretary, though unable to perform much of

the work. In 1656 he married again, Catharine Woodcock, who, however, died the following year. Milton continued to publish political pamphlets until the Restoration, when he was arrested, but subsequently released, probably through the intervention of his friends, and profited by the Indemnity Act. Three years later Milton married a third time, one Elizabeth Minshull. Ever since his youth he had been haunted by the idea of composing some great poetic work, and as he gradually became unfitted for the public life that had turned away his thoughts from poetry, he settled down to the composition of *Paradise Lost*, which was begun in 1658, and is said to have been finished in 1663. It finally appeared in 1667, Milton receiving £10 for the book. It is usually supposed to have been ill received, but the tradition lacks authority. In 1671 *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* appeared together. They were the last fruits of Milton's genius. He died on November 8, 1674.

The occasion of *Lycidas* was, as it has been said, the death of Edward King, a son of Sir John King, Secretary to the Viceregal Government in Ireland. He was a young man of great promise, and one of Milton's circle at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was a year junior to the poet. He was drowned while on his way to Ireland during the Long Vacation of 1637, and the following year his Cambridge friends published a quarto volume of memorial verses, last among which is *Lycidas*, signed 'J. M.' It was reprinted in the *Poems* of 1645 and 1673, and the original draft is in the Trinity College MS. at Cambridge.

A word must be said about the form of the poem. It is an allegorical pastoral, that is, a poem which, under the guise of shepherds and rural life, presents real personages and events. This particular species was first composed by Virgil, from whom it was later imitated by such writers as Petrarch in Latin, Sannazaro in Italian, Marot in French, and Spenser in English. It suffers from an invincible artificiality, since the shepherd's life cannot be made allegorically illustrative of any branch of civilised activity, and consequently remains a lifeless convention. This abiding conventionality, however, being once admitted, there is often beauty of a very high order in pastoral verse, and of all pseudo-pastoral laments, *Lycidas* is assuredly the most beautiful, for Theocritus's *Lament for Daphnis* being a pure, unadulterated pastoral with an admixture of allegory, it is not an object of fair comparison. Milton has been blamed for the apparently out-of-place introduction of St. Peter, but he was perfectly justified by the tradition of this kind of verse. St. Peter appears in the eclogues of Petrarch under the name of 'Pamphilus.' The introduction is, indeed, the most natural thing in the world, for when Triton has announced the circumstances of King's death, and Camus has summed up in one lyric cry the loss felt by his Cambridge friends, who could more appropriately express the loss of the church to which the young scholar was already dedicated?

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, though in this instance he was supported by tradition, Milton was not always careful about the propriety of the ideas he introduced into his poems. The dissatisfaction felt by many with *Lycidas* is summed up by Dr. Johnson in the words: 'It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion, for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. . . . Where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief.' This is so absolutely true, that it is strange that he should not have divined the simple explanation, namely, that Milton's sorrow over King was not of a very deep or personal nature. There is, however, this much justice in the censure, that the poem purports to be the expression of an intimate grief which did not exist, and which the reader is not for one instant deluded into supposing did exist. When, on the other hand, Johnson goes on to describe the form of the poem as 'easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting,' he was merely demonstrating his limitations as a critic. Probably no poem bears higher testimony to Milton's powers as a metrist, for the free arrangement of rhyme and occasional variation of metre he allowed himself, while in the hands of an unskilled poet they lead to constructional chaos, are capable in the hands of a master of producing subtle and appropriate harmonies, impossible in the stricter forms of verse. [For fuller information and notes, the reader is referred to Professor Masson's monumental edition of the Poetical Works.]

LYCIDAS. The name occurs both in Theocritus and Virgil.

1. Similar openings are common, but it is worth noting that so far as we know, Milton had written no English verse for three years, *i.e.* since *Comus* in 1634.

15. *sacred well.* The Pierian spring at the foot of Mount Olympos, the 'seat of Jove' and the other gods, was the original home of the Muses, the Heliconian tradition being later.

19. *Muse.* This word was often used for 'poet,' and followed, as here, by the masculine pronoun. So Marlowe:—

> Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
> Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse.
> *Dr. Faustus*, Chor. 1. l. 5.

28. *grey-fly.* The trumpet-fly.

29. *battening.* Feeding. To 'batten' is literally to grow better, thrive, hence feed, especially to feed grossly, as in Hamlet iii. 4.

36. *Damœtas.* A name found both in Theocritus and Virgil. I cannot agree with Professor Masson, who thinks that there is some specific allusion here, probably to Joseph Meade, a fellow of Christ's.

40. *gadding.* Straggling.

46. *weanling.* Young, lately weaned.

50, etc. This passage is imitated from lines in Theocritus's *Lament for Daphnis*, lines also imitated by Virgil.

53. The hills of Wales.

54. *Mona.* Anglesea.

55. *Deva.* The Dee. Many superstitions and legends attaching to it justify the epithet 'wizard.'

58. *Orpheus.* He was the son of the Muse Calliope, and met his death at the hands of the Thracian Bacchanals. His head was thrown into the Hebrus, a river of Thrace, and was washed up on the island of Lesbos, on the further side of the Ægean.

64. *incessant.* 'Uncessant' is the reading of the old editions.

70. *clear.* Noble, famous; a Latinism.

75. *blind Fury.* Atropos; strictly, however, one of the Fates, who were distinct from the Furies.

77. *trembling.* Not, I think, 'tingling' as Professor Masson suggests, but quivering with the sound of the divine voice.

82. *perfect.* Rather, with the original editions, 'perfet,' the usual Miltonian form.

85. *Arethusë.* Arethusa is a stream in the Island of Ortygia near Sicily, and is here invoked as the representative of Sicilian or Theocritean pastoral, while

86. *Mincius*, a tributary of the Po, stands for the Virgilian tradition.

89. *Herald of the Sea.* Triton with his shell-trumpet.

Scaly Triton's winding shell.—*Comus*, 873.

96. *Hippotades.* Æolus, god of the winds, and son of Hippotes.

99. *sleek Panope.* Panope was one of the sea-nymphs. The epithet is transferred from the sea to the mythological character that represents it, the meaning being that the sea was glassy calm.

101. *eclipse.* Of course a most unpropitious time for any undertaking.

103. *Camus.* The impersonation of the Cam and representative divinity of the University 'went footing slow' primarily in imitation of his sluggish stream.

106. *sanguine flower.* The hyacinth, the markings on whose leaves were supposed to form the word *aî* (alas!). The flags of the Cam were thought to exhibit similar markings.

109. St. Peter.

110. *amain.* With force, firmly.

112. This passage anticipates the views expressed in the pamphlets of four and five years later. Similar denunciations of ecclesiastical abuses had long been common in pastoral verse, notably in the eclogues of Baptista Mantuanus and Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*.

128. *wolf.* The Church of Rome, to which Laud and the bishops were supposed to have secret leanings.

130. *two-handed engine.* The most plausible explanation of this very perplexing passage is undoubtedly Professor Masson's, namely, that Milton looked forward to a thorough cleansing of the church from abuses, by the parliament with its two Houses. It

must be remembered that in 1637 no parliament had sat for eight years, and that it would be almost treason openly to demand that one should be called to rectify the errors of Charles's government. Altogether it is almost impossible to understand how the present passage came to be licensed, or, indeed, failed to involve Milton in serious trouble.

132. *Alpheus.* A river of Arcadia and lover of the nymph Arethusa (l. 85), and hence likewise addressed as the representative spirit of pastoral verse.

138. *swart star.* Sirius, the dog-star, which appears above the horizon at midsummer, hence termed 'swart,' *i.e.* swarthy, sunburnt.

142, etc. It has often been pointed out that the plants mentioned in these lines could not possibly all be flowering at the same time, much less in November, when the poem was written. Such licence, however, may well be allowed the poet where everything is imaginary; nevertheless it should not be forgotten that it is just this renunciation of actuality that makes the majority of pastorals unreadable.

142. *rathe.* Early. Cf. Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, 'The men of rathe and riper years.'

145. *glowing violet.* The epithet would seem to suggest that Milton used the word in a wide sense, still in dialectical use, to include the *viola* tribe.

149. *Amaranthus.* A family including several well-known flowers, such as love-lies-bleeding. Originally an imaginary flower supposed never to fade.

150. *daffadillies.* Daffodils; the Spenserian form is 'daffadowndillies.'

151. *laureate hearse.* 'Hearse' is often used for tomb, as in Jonson's epitaph of the Countess of Pembroke, beginning, 'Underneath this sable hearse.' 'Laureate' is a Latinism for 'laurelled,' *i.e.* having the poet's laurel on it.

155. Milton is speculating where King's body, which was never recovered, may have been carried by the tides and currents.

158. *monstrous.* Probably 'full of monsters' (Masson).

159. *to our moist vows denied.* Whom neither our prayers nor weeping can recall.

160. That is, by Land's End, known as Bellerium by the Romans. Milton seems to have created a character Bellerus to account for the name.

161. The 'guarded mount' is of course the 'fortified mount,' *i.e.* St. Michael's Mount, and the 'great vision' is the appearance to some hermits of the Archangel Michael on a rock overlooking the sea, whence, according to tradition, the place took its name.

162. Namancos and Bayona are, or were, towns of Spain near Cape Finisterre. It seems to have been the boast alike of Cornwall and Brigantia that they were in full view of one another —which would be perfectly true if the earth were flat.

163. Milton now drops his address to Lycidas and apostrophises the 'great vision' of St. Michael.

164. The allusion is of course to the story of the dolphins carrying on their backs the poet and singer Arion when he was thrown overboard.

176. *unexpressive.* Not to be expressed, ineffable.

185. At this point the lament ends, and the eight lines that follow, forming a sort of objective setting, are spoken in Milton's own character, though, of course, the 'uncouth swain' (*i.e.* rough shepherd, certainly not 'unknown' as Professor Masson suggests) equally represents Milton *sub forma pastorale.* The stanza—the octave of Berni and Ariosto—was used by Harrington and Fairfax in their translations, and was made an English rhythm by the Byron of *Beppo* and *Don Juan.*

188. *quills.* Reeds of his pipe. Still in dialectical use for a reed or cane.

189. *Doric.* Pastoral. Sicily, the birthplace of pastoral verse, was for the most part a Doric colony.

193. One of the most frequently quoted and most steadily misquoted lines in the language.

XII. Page 27.

Milton was the first English poet who consistently followed the Italian rhyme arrangement in his sonnets. In this respect they adhere strictly to the model of Petrarch, but differ in that the thought is continuous throughout and does not follow the division into octave and sestet, after the fashion of strophe and antistrophe, habitual in Italian.

This sonnet (No. VIII. in Masson), the first of those referring to public affairs, was written in November 1642 while the royal army was encamped at Hounslow and was expected at any moment to march on the city. The attack was not delivered, and the army retired on the 13th. It may be doubted whether the promise of fame at the hands of the poet would have tempted the royalists to spare the house of the obnoxious pamphleteer. The sonnet appears in the *Poems* of 1645 and 1673.

When the Assault, etc. Title in Milton's hand in Trinity MS., but not in either of the old editions.

1. *Colonel.* Trisyllabic.

3. So in MS. and 1673. The earlier edition reads: 'If ever deed of honour did thee please.'

10. *Emathian conqueror.* Alexander the Great (from Emathia in Macedonia, *pars pro toto*).

13. *sad Electra's poet.* Euripides. When Lysander of Sparta had captured Athens he proposed to raze the city to the ground, but he was so moved by hearing some lines from Euripides, that he spared it.

XIII. Page 28.

This sonnet (No. XVI. in Masson) was written in 1652, as we learn from the Trinity MS., where it has the heading, 'To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652: On the Proposals of certain Ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospel.' It is Milton's appeal to Cromwell to save the country from the more narrow and fanatical of the Puritan party. It was not printed in the *Poems* of 1673, and first appeared at the end of Philips's *Life of Milton* in 1694.

5. *crownèd Fortune.* 'The crowned King Charles and his family,' according to Professor Masson, but it is not a very satisfactory explanation.

7. *Darwen stream.* It falls into the Ribble near Preston, in Lancashire, the scene of the battle on August 20, 1648, in which Cromwell routed the Scottish army.

8. *Dunbar field.* The battle of Dunbar was fought on September 3, 1656, during Cromwell's Scottish campaign.

9. *Worcester's laureate wreath.* The victory over the army of Charles II. at Worcester, on September 3, 1651.

14. *hireling wolves.* The paid clergy.

XIV. Page 28.

In the spring of 1655 Milton was employed to write Latin letters in connection with the persecution of the Waldenses of the Italian valleys of the western Alps, instituted in January of that year by the Duke of Savoy. It was chiefly through the vigorous representations made by Cromwell that the edict against the Waldenses was withdrawn in the following August. The sonnet (No. XVIII. in Masson) was printed in 1673.

12. *triple Tyrant.* A reference to the threefold mitre of the Pope.

14. *the Babylonian woe.* In the Babylon of Revelations (xvii. and xviii.) the Puritans saw the Church of Rome.

XV. Page 29.

The exact date of this sonnet (No. XIX. in Masson) is uncertain; it may have been written at any date between 1652 and 1655, but it is printed after the above in the *Poems* of 1673.

3. *one talent.* See Matthew xxv. 14–30. But it cannot refer, as Professor Masson supposed, to his eyesight, for that anyhow was not Milton's *one* talent, and was moreover taken from him, not 'lodged with me useless.' Milton must be thinking of his abilities as a whole, of which his blindness prevented his making full use.

XVI. Page 30.

This and the following piece are from the chorus of *Samson Agonistes.*

Apart from the masque of *Comus*, which is really more of the nature of a short play, the only dramatic work that Milton left was the Biblical play of *Samson Agonistes*, composed on the lines of classical tragedy. It must, however, be remembered that according to the earliest scheme *Paradise Lost* was to have been thrown into the dramatic form. Milton was no doubt attracted to the story of Samson through his own blindness, but the theme is already found among the jottings in the Trinity MS., which go back to about 1640. The play was published with *Paradise Regained* in 1671.

EYELESS AT GAZA. *Samson Agonistes*, ll. 115–141.

4. *diffused.* Stretched out.

19. *Chalybéan-tempered.* Tempered like Chalybean steel, called after the Chalybes, a tribe of Asia Minor famous as iron-workers.

20. *Adamantéan proof.* As proof as 'adamant,' *i.e.* steel.

24. *Ascalonite.* An inhabitant of Ascalon. The reference is to Judges xiv. 19.

25. *ramp.* Spring, leap; as in the term 'lion rampant.'

XVII. PAGE 31.

OUT OF ADVERSITY. *Samson Agonistes*, ll. 1268–1286.

XVIII. PAGE 31.

James Graham, fifth Earl and first Marquis of **Montrose**, was born in 1612. He studied at Glasgow and St. Andrews, and married at the age of seventeen, after which he went abroad for some years, returning in 1636. He seems to have been coldly received at court, and in the following year was induced to join the cause of the Covenanters, more, it would seem, through opposition to Hamilton, to whom the government of Scotland was committed, than through any religious sympathy. Soon, however, his distrust of the Puritans overcame his dislike of Hamilton's government, and on the outbreak of civil war he, like Falkland in England, joined the King's party. He endeavoured to obtain leave to raise a royalist insurrection in the Highlands, but the plan came to nothing. He was, however, in command of a few troops, with which, supplemented by casual levies among the clans, he defeated the Covenanters in six pitched battles between August 1644 and August 1645. When, however, he advanced into the Lowlands most of his force melted away, and he was defeated in the following September. For another year he tried to raise a fresh army, but was finally forced to escape to Bergen. On hearing the news of Charles's death he vowed to avenge it, and in the following December set out for the Orkneys on the luckless venture that cost him his life. He had with him a force of 1200 men, of whom a thousand perished through shipwreck. He was easily over-

powered at Invercarron, and was himself delivered up to the Government by Macleod of Assynt. Before he arrived at Edinburgh, parliament had already decreed his death, and he was hanged in the Grassmarket, May 21, 1650. He left behind him the reputation of a high-minded and devoted servant of the royal cause, though it is doubtful whether he ever felt much personal attachment to Charles. His abilities as a military leader were very great, and though the barbarities committed after his victories have often been laid to his account, they were no doubt inevitable in the case of an army such as that under his command.

The lines here selected belong to a much longer poem, in which they form stanzas 1, 2, and 5 of Part 1. This poem seems to have been first printed as a 'broadside' about 1690, a copy being in the Roxburghe Collection (iii. 579) (referred to in the notes as R.), with the heading, *A Proper New Ballad, to the tune of I'll never love thee more*, the superscription *Montrose's Lines* being added in an old handwriting. It first appeared as Montrose's in Watson's Collection in 1706-11, where it was printed from an independent MS. (Reprinted in Napier's *Montrose and the Covenanters*, 1838, ii. 566, and referred to as W.) There is also a (MS. ?) copy extant in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh (on which the text in Napier's *Memoirs of Montrose*, 1. Appendix ii., is 'chiefly' based, which is referred to as A.). In the present text, stanzas 1 and 2 follow W. and stanza 3 follows A. W. seems the best text, and A. represents one intermediate between W. and R. It was the Roxburghe version that Scott quoted—or rather misquoted—in *A Legend of Montrose*. It is not known to whom the poem was addressed, and Napier insists on its being a political allegory, a view unsupported by any very plausible argument. Montrose, however, uses throughout political metaphor in addressing his probably imaginary mistress.

7 and 8. So W. I'll call a synod in my [mine—A.] heart,
And never love thee more.—R. and A.

9. *Like.* As.—R. and A.

11. *evermore.* ever yet.—R.

15. *Who.* All texts read 'That.'

16. *it.* at.—R.

17 and 18. So A. and R. But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word.—W.

18. *of.* in.—R.

21. *ways.* sort.—R.

23. *thee all.* thy head.—R. (and Scott).

XIX. Page 32.

Richard Lovelace, the eldest of a large family, was the son of Sir William Lovelace who was killed in the wars in Holland. He was born at Woolwich in 1618, and educated at the Charterhouse and at Oxford, where he became noted for his beauty and agree-

able demeanour, as well as for his early literary promise: his comedy *The Scholar*, acted in 1636, as well as his later tragedy *The Soldier*, is lost. On leaving Oxford he at once obtained a command in the field, and was on the Scottish expedition of 1639. In 1642 Lovelace was chosen to present the Kentish petition to parliament, on which occasion he offended the House, and was imprisoned. He was soon bailed out, and in 1645 took up arms in the King's cause, leaving England after the surrender of Oxford in the following year, and taking service in France. He returned to England in 1648, and was again imprisoned, remaining in confinement till December 1649. He had consumed the whole of his fortune in the royal cause, and it was broken in health and sunk in penury and disappointment that the brilliant cavalier dragged on an obscure existence till his death in 1658. Lovelace is now known by his lyrics, especially the two here selected, the best of which are as good as any of this day. His collection *Lucasta* was prepared for the press during his second imprisonment, and was published in 1649. Lucasta, probably a contraction for 'lux casta,' is one of those names of literary gallantry under which a real individual may or may not be hidden; possibly in the present case it was a certain Lucy Sacheverell.

GOING TO THE WARS. In *Lucasta* the heading is, 'To Lucasta, Going to the Wars.' It was set to music by 'Mr. John Laniere,' a musician in the service of the crown, probably a cousin of the better-known composer Nicholas Laniere.

XX. PAGE 33.

This piece was written in 1642, during Lovelace's first imprisonment, and was set to music in Dr. John Wilson's *Cheerful Airs and Ballads*, Oxford 1660. It was immensely popular, and much imitated, among Lovelace's contemporaries, and was printed by Percy in his *Reliques*, whence some inferior readings have found their way both into Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* (cxxii.) and the present text. The text in *Lucasta*, probably published under the author's supervision, is, of course, of more authority than any MS., but I have noted a few variants from the 'Percy Folio MS.' which differs widely.

FROM PRISON. In *Lucasta* the poem is headed, 'To Althea, From Prison.'

7. *Gods.* birds, MS., and so Mr. Hazlitt in his edition of Lovelace, on the authority of another MS.

8. *know no.* enjoys, MS. (and so throughout).

10. *Thames.* That is, water. The MS., however, reads 'woe-allaying theames,' *i.e.* themes.

11. *crowned.* So MS. The old edition reads 'bound.'

17. *linnet-like confinèd.* So MS. The old edition reads, 'like committed linnets,' *i.e.* committed to prison, confined.

27 and 28. The spotless soul and innocent
Calls this an hermitage.—MS.

XXI. PAGE 34.

Andrew Marvell, the laureate of the Commonwealth, and satirist of the Restoration, was born in 1621 at Winestead in Holderness, Yorkshire, being the son of Andrew Marvell, the incumbent of the parish. He went from Hull grammar-school to Cambridge, where he remained till about 1641. The next few years were spent in travel, and the few poems that remain suggest that his sympathies were with the royal cause, though he was never a violent partisan on either side, and rather a spectator than an actor in the political drama. About 1650 he became tutor to Lord Fairfax's daughter, and later to Cromwell's ward, William Dutton, with whom he went to reside at Eton, in the house of John Oxenbridge, who later emigrated to Bermuda, and was thus no doubt the occasion of Marvell's poem on the subject (see next piece). In 1657 he became Milton's colleague in the Latin Secretaryship; he also sat for Hull in Cromwell's parliament, a seat he was able to retain even after the Restoration, since he had never put his political views into print. Marvell soon became indignant alike at the home and foreign policy of Charles II.'s government; he began to write a series of bitter satires, and his ideas turned to republicanism. He also adventured into ecclesiastical controversy, and not wholly without success. He died suddenly of fever, and an 'old conceited doctor' in 1678. His *Miscellaneous Poems* were collected by his widow in 1681, and his satires appeared in 1689, under the title of *Poems on Affairs of State.*

The first of the pieces here given was first printed by Thompson, in his edition of Marvell's *Works* in 1776. It was not very clear on what authority it was included, but internal evidence is certainly in favour of its authenticity.

TWO KINGS. 'An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland.'—Thompson.

15. *thorough.* Through: often used as a dissyllable in seventeenth-century poetry.

side. Party.

17, etc. This strange sentiment of exaggerated hero-worship is thoroughly in accordance with Marvell's character. The meaning seems to be:—Friendly rival and open enemy are all one to a man of spirit and enterprise, and to such a one to absorb and use all elements is more than to overcome them in open hostility.

23 and 24. That is: Through his victories brought low the head of the King.

31. *plot.* Aim, intention. 'Were' is understood.

32. *bergamot.* A kind of pear.

41, etc. That is: Though nature 'abhors a vacuum,' yet two matters cannot interpenetrate, *i.e.* occupy the same space, and consequently the weaker must give way.

47. *Hampton.* The 'Hampton Court propositions,' passed by both Houses in May 1648, by which it was resolved, 'not to alter the fundamental government of the kingdom, by King, Lords, and Commons.'

52. *Carisbrook.* In November 1647 Charles escaped from Hampton Court and sought refuge in Carisbrook Castle in the Isle of Wight, where, however, he was made prisoner by Hammond, Governor of the Isle, by order no doubt of the parliamentary commissioners, in the following month.

case. According to Dr. Grosart this is a hunting term signifying the den or lair of an animal. The *New English Dictionary*, on the other hand, refers to the dialect and cant use of the word to signify a house, and so explains the present passage (cf. It. *casa*). 'Narrow case,' then, would be equivalent to 'prison.' This explanation is preferable.

57. *He.* The 'royal actor.'

66. *forced.* Probably: The power that had arisen of necessity.

67, etc. The finding of the human head, which was regarded as a happy omen, is related by Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* xxviii. 4), but he merely says that they were digging the foundation of a temple on the Tarpeian Hill; Marvell transfers the story to the building of the Capitol, as representative of the Roman government.

87 and 88. That is: As far as possible deprecates his own merit in order that they may have the credit.

90. That is, according to Dr. Grosart: To place them under the protection of the public. But it is probably no more than a substitute—and an awkward one—for the 'feet' of line 85.

104. *climacteric.* Critical, fatal. It is an adjective, not a substantive as Dr. Grosart takes it.

105. *Pict.* Here used, quite erroneously, for 'Highlander.'

107. *sad.* Serious, sober; in contradistinction to the impetuous courage of the Scots.

XXII. Page 39.

Printed in the *Miscellaneous Poems* of 1681. The present text follows that of the *Golden Treasury* (cxxxix.), which differs occasionally from the original edition.

In Exile. The poem is merely headed 'Bermudas' in the old edition.

7 and 8. In the original edition these lines come after line 10. They were silently moved to their present position, it seems, by Professor Palgrave. This arrangement is certainly more natural, but it rests on no authority.

20. *Ormus.* The island of Ormuz or Hormuz, in the Persian Gulf, has always had the reputation of having immense wealth, and was on that account seized by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century. It is rich in iron and sulphur, but beyond this does not seem to have much mineral wealth.

23 and 24. 'A fine example,' Professor Palgrave thinks, 'of Marvell's imaginative hyperbole'; while Dr. Grosart suggests that they were pineapples.

28. *ambergrease.* More correctly 'ambergris,' as it is spelt in the old edition. *Ambre gris* or grey amber, so-called to distinguish it from the resin or *ambre jaune*, is 'a waxlike substance of marbled ashy colour, found floating in tropical seas, and which is used in perfumery.

XXIII. Page 40.

John Dryden, grandson of a Sir Erasmus Dryden, who took the parliamentary side in the civil wars, was born at Aldwinkle All Saints in Northamptonshire in 1631, and was educated at Westminster and Cambridge, leaving the latter without proceeding to his master's degree. In London he became the friend of Sir Robert Howard, whose sister he married in 1663, but the marriage did not turn out very happily. In the same year Dryden's first play, *The Wild Gallant*, was produced, and failed. His next, however, met with some success, and he continued for several years to write comedies, which even in their day gave offence by their licence, and rhymed 'heroic tragedies' of an exaggeratedly romantic description. He likewise produced a number of poems, of which the *Annus Mirabilis* is perhaps the best known, and essays such as that on *Dramatic Poesy*. About 1675 he determined to give up rhyme on the stage and follow the Shakespearian tradition. He produced *All for Love* (modelled on *Antony and Cleopatra*) and an alteration of *Troilus and Cressida*. He also turned his immense literary powers to the production of personal satires, such as *Absalom and Achitophel* and *MacFlecknoe*, and was soon at the height of his fame, laureate, and living comfortably, it appears, on the King's bounty. In 1686 Dryden joined the Roman Church. The revolution of 1688 lost him the royal patronage, and he was deprived of the laureateship. He still, however, had powerful friends, and was able to make a comfortable income. He returned to dramatic compositions for a while, translated Virgil, modernised Chaucer in his *Fables*, and succeeded in supplying to some extent, through hard and uncomplaining labour, the livelihood for which he had

formerly depended on the royal favour. It is to his credit that he never sought favour through servility to William. He died in May 1700. It is to this last and worthiest period of his life that the present specimen of his powers as a lyrist belongs. In 1680 a musical society was founded in London for the annual celebration of the feast of Cecilia, the patron of music. In 1687 Dryden composed the Ode for the occasion, and again in 1697 when he produced the present poem. It was published by the society the same year in folio with the title, *Alexander's Feast; or the Power of Musique. An Ode, in Honour of St. Cecilia's Day.* Various estimates have been held of its merit, though few probably will agree with its author when he declared that 'a nobler ode never was produced, nor ever will be.' It is perhaps worth noting that in the original the last few lines of each stanza are repeated by way of chorus.

1. The feast was held at Persepolis in the great palace of the Persian kings.

9. *Thais.* A famous Athenian courtesan who followed Alexander on his expedition into Asia.

16. *Timotheus.* A poet and musician who flourished at the court of Philip.

21, etc. Later Oriental legend held that Alexander was not the son of Philip, but of the God Ammon, an Æthiopian deity, known among the Greeks as Zeus Ammon, and hence identified with Jupiter.

24. That is, the god was disguised as a dragon.

26. *Olympia.* The name of Alexander's mother was Olympias; Dryden apparently altered the name for the sake of euphony.

36. *nod.* The attribute of Jupiter, whose solemn mark of assent shook heaven and earth.

61. *Darius.* King of Persia, murdered B.C. 330 while fighting against Alexander.

79. *Lydian.* In Greek music the Lydian mode was that used for soft love-songs.

113, etc. Unless due burial was given to the body it was supposed that the spirit could find no rest in the other world. Similar superstitions are found in all ages and among all peoples.

123, etc. This incident is recorded by Cleitarchus, an historian of Alexander, but is in all probability a mere fable.

132, etc. St. Cecilia was a Roman convert to Christianity who suffered martyrdom under Septimus Severus. She was believed, on no very reliable authority, to have invented the organ, and is also reported, through her purity of life, to have had converse with an angel.

XXIV. Page 45.

Dr. Samuel Johnson the famous lexicographer and literary dictator, was born in 1709, the son of a Lichfield bookseller. He

was a precocious child, and after learning in various provincial schools, was sent to Oxford through the generosity of a neighbour in 1728. He left a few years later in great poverty, and resolved to make his way by his pen and his wit. The story of his early struggles is obscure. In 1745 we find him proposing an edition of Shakespeare, a proposal temporarily abandoned a few years later in favour of the Dictionary begun in 1747, by which time he had settled in London. To 1749 belongs the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, the most famous of his poetical writings, and in 1750 he began writing *The Rambler*, the most successful of the imitations of Addison's *Spectator*. In 1759, being in want of money, he wrote the tale of *Rasselas* in the evenings of one week, and received £100 for the copyright. That he was always poor in spite of the ease with which he was able to make money by his pen, may be in part perhaps attributed to his generous disposition, but more to his own characteristic laziness: 'No man but a blockhead,' he said, 'ever wrote except for money.' In 1762 he was granted a pension of £300 a year, and was employed as a government pamphleteer; there is, however, no reason to doubt his sincerity. Otherwise Johnson wrote little in his later years, and his activity turned chiefly to conversation. In 1773 he made with Boswell his famous tour in Scotland, chiefly with the object of collecting evidence against McPherson in the Ossian controversy, an object in which he was singularly unsuccessful. His account of his journey appeared in 1775. His last years were uneventful, and he died in 1784. The verses here given were written on the death of Robert Levet, an old physician whom Johnson kept to live with him out of kindness. Levet died in 1782, and the verses appeared in the *Annual Register* for the following year (p. 189). They thus belong to the very end of Johnson's life. They were reprinted in the *Poetical Works* of 1785.

THE QUIET LIFE. 'On the death of Dr. Robert Levet.'

17. *caverns.* So 1783. 1785, 'cavern.'
18. *ready help.* Old editions, 'useful care.'
22. *gains.* Old editions, 'gain.'
33. *throbs of fiery.* 1783, 'throbbing fiery.' 1785, 'fiery throbbing.'

XXV. PAGE 47.

The ballad literature of England and Scotland forms a vast mass of verse, which differs in quality as widely as in subject and date of composition. Although the theory which sees in the epic only a compilation of earlier ballads is far from resting on any assured foundation, it can nevertheless hardly be doubted that in the mead-hall after the feast the harpers must have sung songs of

less scope than the former, and which must have borne a close resemblance to the later ballads. Whether the fine song of *Brunnanburg*, included in the Old English Chronicle, was ever a popular song in the mouths of the people, or was a composition by some literary scribe, it is in any case essentially of the nature of a ballad. The oldest ballad texts, commonly so-called, that have survived are not older than the middle of the fifteenth century; while the vast majority even of the finest ballads are later. Most of these are traditional ballads; ballads that whatever their origin lived in the mouths of the people, many of them even till the present century. Of these some are obviously the wrecks, or perhaps rather the *rifacimenti*, of earlier romances, while others bear, both in treatment and form, the stamp of original compositions. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, however, the ballad became a fashionable form of literature, and innumerable 'broadsides,' or printed fly-leaves, were issued, some with refurbishings of familiar pieces, some with fresh compositions, often of an occasional or political character. The present examples include specimens of all classes. The vogue of the broadside ballad continued till the eighteenth century, but it had long ceased to belong to literature. Fresh interest was kindled in the form by Bishop Percy, through the publication in 1765 of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, which contained many ballads founded on a seventeenth-century MS. in his possession, which has since been published, and is known as the *Percy Folio MS.* He found many followers in the work of collecting, the best known among whom was Sir Walter Scott, whose *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* appeared in 1802–3. The latest work is that of Professor Child, whose monumental edition of the *English and Scottish Ballads* was completed in 1898. Of the effect of the revival of the ballad as a literary form nothing need be said here: the latter half of the *Lyra Heroica* bears eloquent witness thereto on almost every page, and reference will frequently have to be made to it in these notes. It was perhaps the most important phenomenon of the romantic revival, and the *Reliques* are directly answerable for much of the finest work of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Scott in English, and Herder, Bürger, and Schiller in German, among the heroes of awakening romanticism.

It is usual to divide the ancient ballads into two groups, historical and romantic. Of the former, *Chevy Chase* is undoubtedly one of the finest. To this ballad Sir Philip Sidney's memorable word: 'I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet, and yet is it sung by some blind crowder [fiddler] with no rougher voice than rude style,' may well apply, though assuredly to an earlier and less degenerate version than the present, possibly than any now extant. A great deal of controversy has gathered round the question of the historical basis of the ballad, but although the variations are considerable, there can be no doubt that the ballads

of *Otterburn* and *Chevy Chase* refer to the same event.[1] This was a battle which took place at Otterburn, thirty miles N.W. of Newcastle, in August 1388, between the Scots and English. A full account is given by Froissart. A feud between some of the great English border families offered a propitious opportunity for a Scottish invasion, for which the great nobles assembled at Jedburgh, with forces amounting to over 50,000 men. Being unprepared to meet a force of this size, the Earl of Northumberland determined on a counter-invasion on the opposite side of the country to that chosen by the Scots. These, however, got wind of his intention, and invaded both by Berwick and Carlisle. The eastern force having harried as far south as Durham, retired and encamped near Newcastle, where there was skirmishing for some days, during which they captured a pennon belonging to the young Hotspur (Henry Percy, son of the Earl), who vowed to retake it before it reached Scotland. The Scots now proposed to rejoin their friends in the west, but James, Earl of Douglas, would not go till young Percy had had time to make good his challenge. He, hearing that Douglas was encamped at Otterburn, with only some 3000 men about him, marched upon him by night, followed by more than twice that number. A fierce battle ensued, in which the Earl of Douglas, having cut his way into the English ranks, was surrounded and killed, while both Henry and his brother Ralph Percy were taken prisoner. Ultimately the Scots drove off their assailants, and retired unmolested to Melrose.

The oldest copies alike of the *Battle of Otterburne* and the *Hunting of the Cheviot* are MSS. dating from about 1550, but no doubt representing older compositions. Of the latter ballad there are two versions extant, the one in the above-mentioned MS., and the later one here given, which is found in the Percy Folio MS. and in various broadsides; it belongs to the seventeenth century. The movement of this version is certainly 'jog-trot enough,' but assuredly not so that of the older one, which opens with the magnificent lines:—

> The Percy out of Northumberland, an avow to God made he
> That he would hunt in the mountains of Cheviot within days three,
> In the mugger [despite] of doughty Douglas and all that ever with him be.

Both versions were printed by Percy in the *Reliques* (the later one from the Folio MS.), whence it is here reproduced. The spelling is

[1] In the older version of *Chevy Chase* occurs the explicit statement:—

> This was the hontynge off the Cheviat,
> that tear begane this spurn;
> Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe
> call it the battell of Otterburn.

Chevy Chase represents the English version (or perversion) of the story, the Scottish and more authentic tradition appearing in the *Battle of Otterburn*.

a medley of old and new. I have noted a few of the more important variants from the Folio MS.

CHEVY CHACE. Called *The Hunting of the Cheviots* in the older version. 'Chevy Chase' is of course for 'Cheviot Chase' (*i.e.* the hunting-ground of the Cheviot Hills) in the same way as Tivydale (l. 52) stands for Teviotdale.

1, etc. Although similar introductions are common in romances, in ballads they are usually, as here, signs of late work. The older version opens with the lines quoted above, and which correspond to stanza 3 here.

9. The English balladmonger has made so free with history that it is useless to try to reconcile the details of the ballad with fact. Of course, Henry Percy, first Earl of Northumberland, was not present, much less fell, at the Battle of Otterburn. The Scottish ballad correctly has 'Sir Harry Percy,' and makes him a prisoner, not slain:—

> Earl Douglas was buried at the braken-bush
> And the Percy led captive away.

41. *quarry*. The game; more particularly, as here, the dead game.

62. *hap*. Fortune, chance.

109, etc. Instead of these four stanzas, which are supplied 'from the ancient copy,' *i.e.* presumably a broadside, the MS., which was followed in the first edition of the *Reliques*, has the lines:—

> To drive the deer with hound and horn,
> Douglas bade on the bent;
> Two captaines moved with mickle might
> Their speres to shivers went.

109. *bent*. Field (*lit.* grass).

129. In the MS. this stanza runs:—

> O Christ! it was great grief to see,
> How each man chose his spear,
> And how the blood out of their breasts
> Did gush like water clear.

135. *wode*. This (or rather 'wood') is Percy's emendation for the 'moods' of the MS., and is no doubt correct. It signifies 'mad.'

lode. The meaning here is doubtful. Perhaps Professor Skeat's suggestion '(*a*) *load*, laid on heavily,' is the most plausible.

159. *for why*. Because.

178. *or dread*. The *Reliques* read 'all dread.'

192. This line is much finer in the MS., which reads, 'To the hard head haled he.'

195. *grey goose-wing.* The best arrows were usually 'winged' with goose feathers.

199. *evening bell.* Mr. Wheatley in his edition of the *Reliques* points out that, in the corresponding passage, the earlier version has 'evensong bell,' and suggests that the compiler of the present version intended to change the vesper bell of the pre-reformation original into the curfew.

201, etc. The names are considerably altered from the MS. The Egertons were a Cheshire family. The Radcliffs were Northumbrian, but the MS. reads, 'Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William,' perhaps for 'Harcley,' a Cumberland name (the earlier version has 'Hartley'). 'Barón' in the next line, probably represents the 'Hearone' of the earlier version. This again has 'Ser Raff the ryche Rugbè' (*i.e.* Rokeby), for the 'good Sir Ralph Raby' (MS. Rebbye), cf. l. 207. Among the Scottish names, the Charles Murray of line 215 is Morrell in the MS., while in line 217 Murrell is the common reading, the MS. giving 'Sir Roger Hever of Harcliffe too.' For line 219, the MS. reads 'Sir David Lambwell well esteemed,' evidently the 'Ser Davy Livdale' (perhaps Liddell) of the earlier version.

209. Even without Hood's parody, this stanza could hardly have been other than ludicrous. The older version, though perhaps clumsy, gives at least a certain dignity to this traditional feat. It runs:—

> For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
> that ever he slayne shulde be;
> For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
> yet he knyled and fought on his kny.

The Witheringtons or Widderingtons were a well-known family of Northumberland.

233. *gore.* As an instance of the changes made by Percy throughout, I may note that the MS. here reads 'blood,' a reading far more in keeping with the plain, straightforward diction of the best ballads.

258. In the battle of Humbledown or Homildon Hill, fought in 1402, the Earl Percy and Hotspur defeated the Scots, killing a large number and taking the then Earl of Douglas prisoner.

265, etc. The older version likewise has a concluding stanza of this sort, but it is more in the style of the romances. It runs:—

> Jhesue Crist our balys bete,
> and to the blys us brynge!
> Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat:
> God send us alle good endyng!

XXVI. Page 57.

A vast amount of controversy has centred round this ballad, both regarding its authenticity and historical foundation. The

former may be taken as finally established. It purports to be an historical ballad, although in style it belongs rather to the romantic division. The usual explanation, which is very doubtfully endorsed by Professor Child, is that the ballad refers to the marriage, in August 1281, of Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., with Eric, King of Norway, on which occasion the ambassadors were wrecked on their way home. If this is so, the story was probably confused with that of the fetching home of Margaret's daughter, the Maid of Norway in 1290, when a marriage with the eldest son of Edward I. was proposed, on which occasion also the ship seems to have been lost; at least the princess never reached Scotland. In this case the ballad must be long subsequent to the event. The fact that no record is found of the name Sir Patrick Spens is no real objection. On the other hand, another explanation has been lately put forward by Mr. T. F. Henderson, in his *Scottish Vernacular Literature*, which at least accounts for the name. He points out that in 1589 James VI. sent a certain Sir Patric Vans to fetch his bride, Anne of Denmark, who had been driven by contrary winds on to the coast of Norway. It was winter and bad weather, and though no disaster occurred, there were rumours of such at the time. The theory is ingenious and is worth giving, as it has not been thrashed out, but it is hardly possible to believe that 'the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens,' even admitting a certain amount of literary polishing (and this is improbable, since we have no less than eighteen texts from various sources), belongs to the same date as the doggerel of the later Chevy Chase ballad. Professor Child gives nine complete texts, which belong to two types. The first knowledge we have of it is the version printed in the *Reliques* 'from two MS. copies transmitted from Scotland.' In this the wreck is represented as happening on the way out, and the story is thus given in five other texts. This is probably due to the omission of some stanzas corresponding to ll. 29–44 of the present version, which is avowedly the case in the imperfect Motherwell MS. The longer version, in which the catastrophe occurs on the return journey, is represented by three texts, the best known being that given by Scott in his *Minstrelsy* from two MS. copies and oral recitation. The present version follows Scott's, but there are numerous alterations, the more important alone among which are here noticed.

1. Dunfermline, a town in Fifeshire, was a favourite seat of the earlier Scottish kings.

2. 'In singing, the interjection "O" is added to the second and fourth lines'—Scott.

3. *skeely*. Experienced.

15. *to Noroway*. Scott, 'of Noroway,' and so for ll. 27 and 28 Scott has—

> The King's daughter *of* Noroway
> 'Tis we must *fetch* her hame.

Scott took them to refer to the Maid of Norway. In the present version they are altered to conform with the history of Margaret; the alteration was made by Professor Aytoun. 'Noroway' is of course Norway.

18. *lauchèd.* Scott, 'laughed.'

23. 'By a Scottish Act of Parliament, it was enacted, that no ship should be freighted out of the kingdom, with any staple goods, betwixt the feast of St. Simon's day [Oct. 28], and Jude and Candlemas [Feb. 2].'—Scott.

29. *Monday.* Scott, 'Monenday.'

41. *white monie.* Silver.

42. *gane* [? ganes]. 'To gane' is to befit or suffice.

43. *half-fou.* 'The eighth part of a peck' according to Scott. A fou (probably 'fu,' *i.e.* a *full* measure) is usually a bushel.—Jamieson.

53. etc. This was a stock stanza among the balladmongers, and occurs with variations in several ballads. The closest parallel is the Kinloch MS. of *The Dæmon Lover.*

> She had na sailed a league, a league,
> A league but barely three,
> Till grim, grim grew his countenance,
> And gurly grew the sea.

After this a very poor stanza in Scott's version has been here omitted.

55. *lift.* Air, sky.

56. *gurly.* Stormy. To gurl, of water, is to bubble up with a gurgling noise.

71 and 75. *wap.* Probably a variant of 'wrap.'

77, etc. This stanza, which is not given by Scott, is supplied from Buchan and Motherwell. A third stanza beginning in the same manner is found among Kirkpatrick Sharpe's papers. It runs as follows:—

> O laith, laith war our gude Scots lords
> To weet their silken sarks [shirts],
> But lang or [before] a' the play was played
> The weet gade to their hearts.

84. *aboon.* Above.

After this two inferior stanzas are omitted.

86. *intill.* Scott, 'into' (*i.e.* in). 'Intill' has, however, the same sense in Scotch.

92. This magnificent line is borrowed from Percy's version. In Scott's it runs, 'O forty miles off Aberdeen.' Aberdour is a small seaport a few miles from Dunfermline.

XXVII. Page 60.

There are two broadsides of this ballad in the Roxburghe Collection (II. 93 and III. 62, the latter being the earlier and better

printed), and it was also printed by Percy. (In the notes R. refers to the Roxburghe, P. to Percy's text.) The earlier broadside cannot well be older than 1640, but there is reason to believe that there were earlier ballads concerning Lord Willoughby. His name was Peregrine Bertie, and he inherited the title of Baron Willoughby of Eresby from his mother. As a young man he was employed by Elizabeth in certain negotiations in Denmark, whence he obtained leave to join the forces in the Netherlands. In the spring of 1586 he was present, under Sir John Norris, at the relief of Grave, and shortly afterwards succeeded Sir Philip Sidney in the governorship of Bergen-op-Zoom. In May he succeeded with a small force in capturing a Spanish convoy, which may be the fight recorded in the ballad, unless indeed, which is more probable, it refers to the similar exploit performed in June near Zutphen, against the Spanish force advancing to the relief of the town, on which occasion Sidney lost his life. The next spring Willoughby succeeded Norris in the command of the horse, and in the following November, on the recall of Leicester, was appointed to the command of the whole English force in the Low Countries, a post in which he showed considerable skill, under very difficult circumstances, and held till 1589. Later on he served under Henry of Navarre, travelled on the Continent, and was finally governor of Berwick and warden of the East Marches. He died in 1601. The present ballad shows little adherence to fact, and it is impossible to say exactly what event it is intended to chronicle.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY. So in Percy; the broadside is headed 'Lord Willoughby, Or, A true Relation of a Famous and Bloudy Battel fought in Flanders, by the Noble and Valiant Lord Willoughby, with 1500 English, against 40,000 Spaniards, where the English obtained a Notable Victory; for the glory and Renown of our Nation. To the Tune of *Lord Willoughby*.' At the end, 'Printed for F. Coles, in Vine Street, near Hatton-Garden.'

5. *conspicuous*. Both R. and P. have 'courageous.'
6. *Were*. R., 'Was,' a not improbable vulgarism.
12. *From*. R., 'That from.'
21. *cailiver*. Caliver; a kind of light musket.
23. *bravest*. Both R. and P. have 'foremost.'
27. *furiously*. R., 'valiantly.'
40. R., 'For no better could they get.'
47. *cutting*. Both P. and R. have 'turning.
68. *To rout his*. P., 'and caught their.' R., 'and rout their.'
75. R., 'And told unto our gracious Queen.'
84. *fifteen*. Percy seems to have thought this more in harmony with Elizabeth's habits of parsimony than the 'eighteen pence' reported in R.
85. *and from*. R., 'besides.'

XXVIII. Page 64.

As Mr. Henley says, the version he gives is a *rifacimento* from those of Burns and Scott. The Græmes were a border clan who, though belonging to England, for military purposes, seem, in their depredations, to have shown remarkable impartiality as regards the two countries. What foundation there is for the ballad is not known, but the mention of the bishop caused Scott to suppose that Hughie 'may have been one, of about four hundred borderers, against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to Robert Aldridge, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, about 1553,' although his name is not recorded. This is a flimsy foundation, especially as Lord Scroope was not warden at that date, but setting aside a certain 'tradition' manifestly fabricated from the ballad, it is the only one suggested. There are also two broadsides of this ballad in the Roxburghe Collection and a MS. of Buchan's, in which Hughie is elevated to the dignity of knighthood. In the text given in the *Lyra*, Scott's version supplies stanzas 1–5 and stanza 12, the rest being from Burns; in each case a stanza is omitted.

Among the Abbotsford MSS. are three texts of the ballad on which Scott founded his version; in these, however, stanzas 2–5 (stanzas 2–4 of present version) do not appear, and they may consequently have been supplied by Scott.

1. *Lord Scroope.* There were several wardens of the West Marches of this name in the sixteenth century. In the Buchan version it is Lord Home, Warden of the *East* Marches in Scotland.

3. *grippit.* Gripped, caught. The common old Scottish form of the pret. and past part.

25. *Whitefoord.* The part of intercessors is played by various persons in the different versions. In Scott's it is Lord and Lady Home.

27. *owsen.* Plural of 'owse,' an ox.

58. *brown.* Polished, bright.

XXIX. Page 66.

Allowing for the habitual licence of the ballad-makers, this poem follows the historical account fairly closely. The event happened in the spring of 1596, at which time Thomas Lord Scroope was warden of the West Marches of England, and Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, the Laird of Buccleuch, held similar command north of the border. A truce was concluded between a Mr. Robert Scott and a Mr. Salkeld, as representatives of the two wardens, for the transaction of certain business, during which some followers of Salkeld took the opportunity of seizing William Armstrong, a notorious border thief of Liddesdale, whom they carried off to Carlisle. Buccleuch complained of the breach of truce, and ultimately appealed to the English ambassador, and even the King, but, though the former strongly urged the surrender of Armstrong

upon Lord Scroope, nothing happened. He then determined to right the honour of the border with a high hand, and having collected some 200 men for the purpose, marched by night to Carlisle, and finding that the scaling ladders he had brought were not long enough, succeeded in making a breach in the wall unobserved. Through this a few men entered and secured the guard at the postern, by which they let in their comrades. They at once broke open Armstrong's prison and carried him off before the garrison had time to offer any opposition. Lord Scroope was not unnaturally annoyed, and so was Elizabeth, who demanded Buccleuch's surrender. Buccleuch offered to undergo trial by a border court according to custom, but the Queen not being satisfied with this he underwent a nominal imprisonment in Scotland. The ballad was first printed by Scott from recitation, but has no doubt undergone considerable revision at his hands. No other text is known. The editor has adopted the readings silently introduced into the text by Mr. W. Allingham in his *Ballad Book* in the *Golden Treasury Series*.

3. *Kinmont Willie.* William Armstrong, called Will of Kinmonth.

4. *Haribee.* The place of execution outside Carlisle.

11. *fivesome.* With five men. Thus the 'foursome' reel, commonly known as the reel of Tulloch, is one in which four dancers constitute a set.

12. *Liddel-rack.* A ford in the river Liddel where it forms the frontier.

15. *on.* Not in Scott, but seems necessary since Carlisle is pronounced Cárlile in the north.

21. *reiver.* Thief, cattle-lifter.

23. *yett.* A Scottish form of 'gate.' Scott, however, wrote the more southern form 'yate.'

28, *lawing.* Reckoning, bill.

29. *Keeper.* Warden.

32. The truce, according to border custom, lasted till sunrise; it must have been in the evening that Willie was taken.

35. 'Now Christ's curse on my head.'—Scott. This garbling is Mr. Allingham's.

37. *basnet.* Steel cap, a simple form of helmet.
curch. Kerchief or cap.

40. *lightly.* Slight, or make light of.

41. The genuineness of these two stanzas, as of some other passages in the ballad, is very doubtful.

53. *lowe.* Flame.

54. *slocken.* Slake.

62. The names of many of those who took part in the raid (or punitive expedition, as one chooses to regard it) were collected by Lord Scroope. There were of course many Scotts, but the Armstrongs were likewise in force and included four of Willie's sons. There is no authentic evidence concerning Sir Gilbert Elliot.

61. *Marchmen.* Inhabitants of the Marches or Borderland.
67. *splent.* Splint, a sort of metal scale used at the joints in armour.
spauld. A form of 'spall' or 'spawl,' shoulder.
75. *broken men.* Outlaws.
76. *Woodhouselee.* A house on the border, belonging to Buccleuch.
77. *'Bateable Land.* The debateable land was a strip along the border where the wildest freebooters sought refuge, and for which neither country cared to make itself responsible.
85. *marshal men.* Officers of the law.
91. *corbie.* Crow.
96. *lear.* Learning.
102. *Staneshaw-Bank.* In the MS. account quoted by Scott it is called 'Stoniebank, beneath Cairleill brig.'
103. *meikle of spait.* In flood. Lord Scroope, in giving an account of this affair in a letter to the Privy Council, writes, 'The Watch, as it should seem, by reason of the stormy night, were either on sleep or gotten under some covert to defend themselves from the violence of the weather.'
107. *garred.* 'Gar' is to make or cause; 'made us leave our horses.'
120. *thou'dst.* Scott, 'thou had'st.'
124. The name of a border tune.
126. *slogan.* War-cry; more especially a Highland term; the word is of Gaelic origin.
142. *fleyed.* Driven away, put to flight.
143. *service.* Greeting.
144. *speer.* Inquire.
145. *Red Rowan.* Evidently a nickname of a red-haired man. The red rowan is the mountain-ash.
146. *starkest.* Strongest.
147. *hente.* Caught.
151. *maill.* Rent (as in 'blackmail'); originally a coin.
162. *furs.* Furrows.
179. *trew.* Trow, trust.
184. *Christentie.* A very common word in the Scottish ballads, signifying not only Christianity, but also Christendom.

XXX. PAGE 73.

This piece is altered and somewhat shortened by Mr. Henley from a seventeenth-century ballad of which broadsides are in the Roxburghe and Bagford Collections (Rox. II. and 643. m. 10 (85)). These certainly date from the latter half of the century, and it may be doubted whether the ballad is much older.

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL. The full title of the Roxburghe broadside runs:—'The Honour of Bristol. Shewing how the

Angel Gabriel of Bristol, fought with three Ships, who boarded us many times, wherein we cleared our Decks, and killed five hundred of their Men, and wounded many more, and made them fly into Calis, where we lost but three men, to the Honour of the Angel Gabriel of Bristol. To the tune of *Our Noble King in his Progress.*' The form 'Bristol' shows that the ballad cannot be very early, as the old form of the name is 'Bristow.' The *Angel Gabriel* is of course the name of the ship.

XXXI. Page 77.

Of the occasion of this poem sufficient is said in Mr. Henley's own notes. It was printed by Scott in his *Minstrelsy* with a very inferior 'first part' which subsequent editors have done well to omit, as being certainly but a feeble imitation of the lament. There is a late version expanded to inordinate length in the Roxburghe Collection (III. 578). Kirkconnel is an ancient parish in Annandale, Dumfriesshire, annexed after the Reformation to Kirkpatrick-Fleming. The churchyard where the meeting took place and where Helen was buried is on the Kirtle, a couple of miles north of Kirtlebridge station.

7. *burd.* Maid; etymologically a variant of 'bride.'

13, etc. I could never help suspecting on grounds of style that these two stanzas are an interpolation. Possibly they belong to another ballad, for the foe as guide and lighting down do not fit the situation. In this case they probably belong to a refrain ballad, and should run thus:—

As I went down the water side,
(*refrain*)
None but my foe to be my guide,
(*refrain*)

I lighted down my sword to draw,
(*refrain*)
I hackèd him in pieces sma'.
(*refrain*);

which clearly describes a totally different incident.

XXXII. Page 79.

Printed by Scott in his *Minstrelsy*. There is a similar ballad in English called *The Three Ravens*. What the relation of the two is no one has yet attempted to suggest. Professor Child considers the Scottish version a 'cynical variation of the tender little English ballad.' The present ballad is however far the more powerfully pathetic of the two. The English version begins:—

There were three ravens sat on a tree
They were as black as they might be.

The one of them said to his make [mate]:
'Where shall we our breakfast take?'

'Down in yonder green field
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

'His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they can their master keep.

'His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare him come nigh,' etc.

Personally, I have always thought some great tragedy lay behind this little piece, and that the English is a weakened imitation made when the original circumstances were forgotten.

2. *corbies.* Ravens.
   mane. Moan.
3. *tane.* The one.
   tither. The other.
5. *fail dyke.* Turf bank.
13. *hause-bane.* Breast-bone.
16. *theek.* Thatch.

XXXIII. PAGE 80.

Thomas Gray. (Son of Philip Gray, scrivener; born in Cornhill, London, 1716; Eton 1727; Peterhouse, Cambridge, 1734, left without taking a degree 1738; travelled in France and Italy 1739–40; returned to Cambridge 1742; LL.B. 1743; visited Scotland 1765 and the English Lakes 1769; Professor of History and Modern Languages 1768; died at Cambridge 1771.) At Eton, Gray became the friend of Horace Walpole, and with the exception of an estrangement during their travels together, they remained intimate throughout life, keeping up an historic correspondence. Gray was eminently a lover of learning, though his own productions are not voluminous, but he does not seem to have cared for the academic life. He returned to Cambridge with a view of reading law, but devoted his attention almost exclusively to the Greek poets, and continued to reside, partly through the opportunities offered by the libraries, partly through the indolence of his nature, which made him dislike change. He has been described as a romanticist in an age of classicism, and his enthusiasm was roused by MacPherson's *Ossian* (1760), though he had doubts as to its genuineness. It led him to the composition of some poems in imitation of the Norse and Welsh. His famous *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* was begun in 1742, but laid aside till 1749, when he took it up again and sent the finished poem to Walpole in 1750. After the death of his father in 1741 Gray had means of his own that sufficed him, and he always refused to take

any money for his writings. This was not uncommon among writers of the last century, and even Byron disliked being known to accept remuneration for his works. Collected editions of Gray's poems were published during his lifetime by Dodsley in London and Foulis in Glasgow, both editions appearing in 1768. The standard edition is that by Mr. E. Gosse, published in 1884.

The present ode, begun in 1755, was taken up again and finished in 1757, Gray being inspired thereto by hearing the famous blind harper, John Parry. It was published the same year.

5. *hauberk.* Coat of mail.

8. *Cambria.* Wales; a Latinised form of 'Cymru,' Wales.

11. *Snowdon.* The name applies, according to Gray, to all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway.

13. *Glo'ster.* Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, Edward's son-in-law, and

14. *Mortimer*, Edward de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, were lords of the Welsh Marches, and would naturally accompany the king.

28. *Hoel.* King of Brittany and nephew of King Arthur.

Llewellyn. Llywelyn ab Sitsyllt, a famous prince in early Welsh history. He lived at the beginning of the eleventh century.

29. *Cadwallo.* Rather Cadwalla or Cadwallon; a British King of North Wales. He died in 634.

31. *Urien.* Urien ab Cynvarch, of Rheged, a Welsh hero of the fifth century. He was the patron of the bards Llywarch Hên and Taliesin.

33. *Modred.* (Welsh Medrawd), nephew of Arthur.

34. *Plinlimmon.* A mountain in Cardiganshire.

35. *Arvon.* 'The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite the Isle of Anglesey.'—Gray.

48. *line.* The thread of life woven by the Norns or Fates.

56. Edward II., murdered in Berkeley Castle.

57. Isabella, his queen, who with Mortimer conspired his death.

60. The French wars under her son, Edward III.

63, etc. On his deathbed Edward III. was deserted by his children and courtiers, and even robbed by his attendants.

67. Edward, the Black Prince, predeceased his father.

71–82. The reign of Richard II. He is said to have been starved to death.

83–96. The civil wars between York and Lancaster.

87. The Tower of London was said to have been begun by Julius Cæsar.

89. *consort.* 'Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.'—Gray.

father. Henry V.

90. *meek usurper.* Henry VI.

92. The red and white roses, badges of Lancaster and York.

93. The silver boar was the badge of Richard III.

99. Eleanor of Castile, Edward's queen, died shortly after the conquest of Wales.

109. King Arthur, it was always believed, would one day return from the land where he had gone to heal him of his wound.

110. 'Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor.'—Gray. The Tudors were of Welsh origin, and claimed descent from Cadwaladr.

115. Queen Elizabeth.

121. Taliessin was a Welsh bard of the sixth century.

126. Spenser's *Faery Queen*.

128. Shakespeare's plays.

131. Milton.

133. 'The succession of poets after Milton's time.'—Gray.

XXXIV. Page 85.

William Cowper. (Son of John Cowper, D.D., rector of Great Berkhampstead; born 1731; Westminster 1741; Middle Temple 1748; moved to Huntingdon 1765; died 1800.) Cowper as a young man was articled to a solicitor and became a commissioner of bankruptcy, but he was always more interested in literature than law. The strain of an impending examination, together with an unhappy love-affair, brought on an attack of religious mania, which lasted over a year and left a morbidly religious strain in his nature ever after. It was after this that he settled at Huntingdon, where he met a Mr. and Mrs. Unwin. He became a boarder in their house, and continued as such almost to the end of his life. He also became acquainted with John Newton, the evangelical curate of Olney, who employed him as his lay helper, until a fresh attack of mania in 1773. It was after this that most of Cowper's literary work was produced. In 1784 he began a translation of Homer, which was finally published in 1791. He became one of the most admired poets of his day, and though he never made a large income from his literary labours, he had a competency, thanks to the generosity of his friends and admirers. In 1787 he had another attack of insanity from which he never wholly recovered.

The loss of the *Royal George* happened on 29th August 1782. The ship was being repaired at Spithead, and many of her guns had been moved to one side, so that she lay over somewhat, enabling the workmen to get at a leak below the water-line. But she was a crazy structure, and the strain forced a large piece out of her bottom, causing her to sink instantly. This account, taken from the Minutes of the Court Martial, differs slightly from that in the *Annual Register*, which was the commonly received one and is followed by Cowper. Rear-Admiral Richard Kempenfelt

had just returned from a successful cruise in the West Indies, and was under orders to proceed to the relief of Gibraltar.

XXXV. Page 86.

Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, a tribe of Britain, headed the Britons in their resistance to the Romans about the middle of the first century, and was for a while successful. She occupied the Roman colony of London, putting 70,000 foreigners to the sword. Shortly afterwards, however, she was defeated in a decisive battle, and died by her own hand rather than fall into those of the enemy.

31. *eagles.* The Roman standards.

XXXVI. Page 88.

Robert Graham (afterwards Cunningham-Graham). (Son of Nicholas Graham of Gartmore; date of birth not known; educated at Glasgow University; early life spent in Jamaica; Rector of Glasgow University 1785; M.P. for Stirlingshire 1794–96; died about 1797.) He was a Liberal, and in sympathy with the principles of the French Revolution. In Parliament he moved a rejected Bill of Rights which foreshadowed the Reform Bill of 1832. He wrote various songs, but the present is the only one that is well known.

XXXVII. Page 89.

Charles Dibdin. (Son of a Southampton silversmith; born 1745; first appeared on the stage 1762; retired 1805; died 1814.) He was a popular figure on the musical stage, and the author of many operettas and sketches. He is now only known by his songs, and lives as the sailors' poet, the maker of the sea-chanty. 'Blow high, blow low,' which originally appeared in his opera, *The Seraglio*, at Covent Garden, in 1776, was the first of these. It was written in a gale while crossing from Calais.

16. *flip.* Grog, or mulled beer.

XXXVIII. Page 90.

This famous song first appeared in *The Oddities* at the Lyceum in 1790, and is supposed to describe Dibdin's own brother Tom. One stanza was carved on his own tombstone at St. Martin's, Camden Town.

4. *broached.* To 'broach to,' of a ship, is to bring her broadside to the wind or waves, a position in which she would be in danger of foundering.

12. *Poll.* Sweetheart.

20. *pipe.* To call by means of the boatswain's whistle.

22. *doffed.* Thrown aside.

23. *under hatches.* Below deck.

XXXIX. Page 91.

John Philpot Curran. (Born at Newmarket, co. Cork, about 1750; Trinity College, Dublin, 1769; Middle Temple 1773; called to the Irish Bar 1775; member of Irish House of Commons 1783; Master of the Rolls and member of Privy Council 1806; retired 1814; died in London 1817.) He was an enthusiastic advocate on the national side, but was not successful on the bench. On the whig side of the Irish House he moved several popular measures, some in relation to the Catholics. He was the intimate friend of Thomas Moore.

The form of the present poem resembles the 'virelay,' but it is not a strict example.

9, etc. Byron must have had these lines in his head when he wrote (in 1819):—

> But since our sighing
> Ends not in dying,
> And formed for flying
> Love plumes his wing.
> Then for this reason
> Lets love a season,
> But let that season
> Be only spring.

XL. Page 92.

Prince Hoare. (Son of William Hoare, R.A.; born at Bath 1755; studied painting in London 1772, and Rome 1776; his first play acted 1788; died at Brighton 1834.) He was an artist and became honorary foreign secretary to the Royal Academy. He also wrote numerous plays and operas as well as works on art. For the occasion of the present poem see Mr. Henley's notes.

10. *strike.* That is, 'strike our colours'; surrender.

XLI. Page 94.

William Blake. (Born in Broad Street, Golden Square, 1757; apprenticed to an engraver 1771; married 1782; first poems published 1783; died 1827.) He was an artist of great and original power, and a poet of a strange and wild imagination. His life was spent amid great poverty, in engraving for various works, and in writing and illustrating the series of poems, embodying his own symbolic and mystical philosophy. The present poem is from the *Songs of Experience*, engraved and published in 1794.

The Beauty of Terror. Called 'The Tiger' by Blake.

XLII. Page 95.

Robert Burns. (Born at Alloway, Ayrshire, in 1759; member of masonic lodge at Tarbolton 1781; started a farm with his brother near Mauchline 1784; published his first volume of verse and went to Edinburgh 1786; married and settled as farmer near Dumfries 1788; appointed on the excise 1789; joined the volunteer force 1795; died 1796.) A Scottish peasant to the core, he retained his native simplicity in spite of his intercourse with cultured society, in which, however, he seldom met any one his equal in mental power. All his poetry is occasional, and varies much, though he undoubtedly occupies a place in the front rank of Scottish writers. His happiest work is in Scotch, his English verses being apt at times to appear stilted and conventional.

The first piece dates from 1788. James M'Pherson, a notable robber, was hanged at Banff in 1700, but the tradition is probably much older. The poem was suggested by a broadside which contains the lines :—

> Then wantonly and rantingly
> I am resolved to die;
> And with undaunted courage I
> Shall mount this fatal tree.

Defiance. 'M'Pherson's Farewell' in original edition.
5. *rantingly.* Jovially.
7. *spring.* A lively tune.
13, etc. This stanza seems to be suggested by the similar one in Burns's version of *Hughie the Græme* (ll. 21–24).
17. *sturt.* Trouble.

XLIII. Page 96.

In this song Burns, working on traditional versions, put the final touch to a theme that had been attempted by several earlier writers, among others Allan Ramsay. A version published in 1711 begins :—

> Should old acquaintance be forgot
> And never thought upon,
> The Flames of Love extinguishèd
> And freely past and gone?

Burns wrote the song in 1788, and sent it, as taken down from an old man's singing, to some of his friends.

The Goal of Life. 'Auld Lang Syne' (old long ago).
9. *be.* That is, 'be good for,' stand, pay for.
tint-stowp. Pint-mug.

13. *braes.* Hillsides.
14. *pu'd.* Pulled, plucked.
gowans. Wild daisies.
16. *Sin'.* Since.
17. *paidled.* Paddled.
burn. Brook.
18. *dine.* Dinner.
19. *braid.* Broad.
21. *fiere.* Companion, chum.
22. *gie's.* Give us.
23. *guid-willie waught.* Draught of good-will.

XLIV. Page 97.

Published in 1790. According to Burns, the first half-stanza is old.

Before Parting. 'The Silver Tassie.'
2. *tassie.* Cup.
4. *service.* Health, greeting.
7. *Berwick-Law.* A hill near North Berwick.

XLV. Page 98.

An early work, the date and occasion of which is uncertain, sent to his friend Thomson in 1793.

Devotion. 'Mary Morison.'
2. *trysted.* Appointed.
5. *bide the stoure.* Bear the struggle.
13. *braw.* Fine.
14. *yon.* The other.
20. *whase.* Whose.

XLVI. Page 99.

Published in 1796. Here again Burns is working on the basis of an older piece. See Mr. Henley's notes.

True until Death. 'It was a' for our rightfu' king.'
21. *gae.* Gave.
28. *lee-lang.* Livelong.

XLVII. Page 100.

William Wordsworth. (Son of John Wordsworth, an attorney, born at Cockermouth 1770; St. John's College, Cambridge, 1787; travelled abroad 1790 and 1791; first published works, *Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*, 1793; settled near Crewkerne, Somerset, 1795; *Lyrical Ballads*, with Coleridge, 1798; visited Germany, 1798–99; settled at Grasmere 1799; married 1802; distributor of stamps for the county of Westmorland 1813; poet-laureate 1843; died 1850.) Bred among the hills and valleys of the Lakes and in intimate association of the simple country folk, Wordsworth early acquired his love of nature and belief in simple humanity. As a young man these sympathies led him into admiration of the revolutionary forces in France, but when the Republic exchanged a defensive for an offensive policy, his advocacy was soon withdrawn. These same characteristics underlie his poetical work and supply his system of philosophy, in so far as he can be said to have one. To his theory of the poetical value of common life, first put forward in the *Lyrical Ballads*, he adhered throughout life, and was rather prone to believe that, because the peasant has human feelings, therefore his speech is fit to convey them. The language of his poems was, however, never careless, and in many cases attains, somewhat contrary to his theory, to a solemn grandeur; but he seems to have been singularly incapable of distinguishing between the simply magnificent and the commonplace. His life was uneventful, being passed in quiet intercourse with his friends and family, and in composition. His 'simplicity' was in part an instinctive revolt against the artificiality of Pope and his school, in part the outcome of his human sympathies and the poetic theories founded thereon. These he carried to their greatest excess in his ballads and in parts of his long narrative works, such as the *Excursion*. Many of his sonnets, on the other hand, the best of which are unsurpassed in literature, as well as the *Intimations of Immortality* and other odes, are composed in full, sonorous English not unworthy of Milton.

I have already had to remark on the sonnet in connection with Milton, when we saw that he kept the Italian rhyme arrangement while neglecting the division. Wordsworth *usually* makes a pause at the end of the eighth line, but in most cases the sense flows straight on, no antistrophic arrangement being attempted. The fourth of the sonnets here given is typical. The second is exceptional as having no division into octave and sestet, the first in exhibiting marked strophic structure.

This sonnet was written in 1802. The Venetian Republic had ceased to exist in 1796 through the treaty of Campo Formio. The Venetian territory was divided between Austria and France.

Venice. 'On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.'

1. After the crusade of 1202 Venice became possessed of large parts of the Byzantine Empire.

2. The Venetian fleet made her mistress of the whole of the Mediterranean.

4. Venice was founded by refugees from the mainland during the invasion of Attila.

8. There was a yearly ceremony, instituted in 1177, of the marriage of Venice with the Adriatic, a ring being thrown into the water.

XLVIII. Page 101.

This proud sonnet, like the above, was written in 1802. The title is Mr. Henley's.

XLIX. Page 101.

Written in 1802; the title is again Mr. Henley's.

L. Page 102.

Written 1802.

Ideal. 'London, 1802.'

LI. Page 103.

This ode, 'on the model of Gray's *Ode to Adversity*, which is copied from Horace's *Ode to Fortune*,' as Wordsworth tells us, was written in 1805 and published in 1807. A good many alterations were made in the later editions, down to 1845. It is not every poet, and not at all times Wordsworth himself, who has been thus successful in didactic verse.

LII. Page 105.

The *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, from which these verses are taken, was written in 1807 and published the same year. The event that forms the subject of the poem is the following. During the Wars of the Roses, John Lord Clifford had held command in the Lancastrian army, and at the battle of Wakefield had slain the Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York. When, therefore, the York party triumphed at the battle of Towton, and Lord John was killed, the estates were forfeited, and Henry, his son, was forced to go into hiding. For twenty-four years he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire and Cumberland. On the accession of Henry vii. the attainder was reversed, and the shepherd succeeded to his estates. Such at least is the account given by Wordsworth in his note, and it agrees in the main with history.

Two Victories. *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, l. 104, etc.

19–20. According to a popular tradition there were two immortal fish in Bowscale-Tarn, which lies not far from Threlkeld in Yorkshire, where Henry Clifford lived.

LIII. Page 107.

Sir Walter Scott. (Born at Edinburgh 1771; apprenticed to his father as Writer to the Signet; called to the Bar 1792; first published poem, a translation of Bürger's *Lenore*, 1796; married 1797; Sheriff-Depute of Selkirkshire 1799; *Lay of the Last Minstrel* 1805; clerk of the Court of Session 1806; partner with the Ballantynes in the publishing business 1808; bought the Abbotsford estate 1812; first novel, *Waverley* (begun 1805) 1814; Ballantyne and Constable failure 1826; died 1832.) Lame from an illness in childhood, Scott was nevertheless of athletic build, and an ardent horseman. He was not a forward child at studies, and spent much time in the country for the sake of his health, where he imbibed romanticism from his surroundings and from popular tradition. He made the legal profession his serious business throughout life, though receiving a far larger income from his literary labours. With the proceeds of these he bought land and built largely at Abbotsford. This brought him into very complicated financial relations with Constable and Ballantyne, and involved him deeply in the failure of 1826. He refused, however, to go bankrupt, and wrote hard, despite lessening powers and failing health, to pay off his creditors, which to a large extent he succeeded in doing before his final illness. In the autumn of 1831 he went in a frigate lent by the Government for a cruise in the Mediterranean in search of health, but returned to die to Abbotsford the following summer.

Scott's robust toryism is reflected in the first extract. His worship of Pitt is of the sincerest, and Pitt on his part spoke highly of the author of the *Lay*. In 1806 Scott had given offence by a song, 'Tally-ho to the Fox!' at a big dinner when Fox was dangerously ill, but he here pays the *amende honorable*. *Marmion*, from the introduction to the first canto of which these lines are taken, was published in 1808. Nelson had died in 1805. Pitt and Fox in 1806.

In Memoriam. *Marmion*, Canto I. Introd. l. 53, etc.

20. *Gadite.* Belonging to Gades or Cadiz.

30. *Egypt.* The battle of the Nile in Aboukir Bay, 1798.
Hafnia. The battle of Copenhagen, 1801.
Trafalgar. 1805.

59. *Palinure.* Palinurus was the helmsman of Æneas.

102, etc. Haugwitz, the Prussian minister, waited to see whether Austria and Russia would be able to resist Napoleon.

125. *Thessalian.* Thessaly was famous for witchcraft alike in classical and mediæval legend. Cf. Horace, *Epod.* v. 45.

LIV. Page 112.

This song is again out of *Marmion* (Canto V.). It is founded on an old ballad, *Katharine Janfarie* (*Minstrelsy*, 1833, iii. 122),

in which, however, it is the 'craven bridegroom' who is called Lochinvar.

9. *Netherby.* Netherby Hall, in Cumberland, is on the Esk, near the Scottish border.

32. *galliard.* A lively dance for one couple only.

41. *scaur.* A steep bank of bare earth formed by a river eating away the base. Not to be confused with the Gaelic 'scurr,' a peak.

45. *Cannobie Lee.* Cannobie is a border village in Eskdale, about fifteen miles north of Carlisle.

LV. Page 114.

The disastrous battle of Flodden, which forms the central event of *Marmion*, took place in September 1513. It was not a fight brought about by any political situation, or by popular passions, not even through the feuds of the rival nobles on either side the border, but solely through the headstrong arrogance of the king. So long as Henry VII. reigned, whose daughter James IV. had married, peace was maintained between the two kingdoms; but on the accession of Henry VIII., various causes of quarrel arose, and James being of a haughty disposition and desirous of distinguishing himself in the field, having sent an envoy to Henry, then in France, with an insulting demand that he should abstain from aggressions against his ally the King of France, collected a force and marched into England without awaiting the envoy's return. He was met by Surrey at the head of an English army, and a formal challenge passed between the two sides. James was encamped on Flodden Hill in Northumberland, near which flowed the river Till, a tributary of the Tweed, joined not far off by the Twisel at Twisel Bridge. The south side of the hill being steep, Surrey found himself at considerable disadvantage, and after vainly endeavouring to induce James to abandon his position and come down into the plain, he decided to pass round and cut off James's retreat towards the north. This movement he carried out successfully, the Scottish army neglecting to avail themselves, even with artillery, of the opportunities of attack offered by the English army as they crossed the bridge. Surrey's force having now gained the north side, where the hill was much less steep, the Scots fired their tents and camp-rubbish, and charged under cover of the smoke upon the advancing English. The Scottish right, composed of Highlanders, charged too soon, was cut to pieces, and fled; the left at first gained a success, but was held in check by the reserve of cavalry, while the centre, commanded by James, though at first successful, was ultimately attacked also by the English left after they had routed the Highlanders, and surrounded. This body was composed of the pick of the Scottish nobility and gentry, all on foot, and they formed a circle resolving to fight to the last. The slaughter was very great, but they held their ground, and the ring was yet unbroken when at nightfall

Surrey withdrew his forces. The king, however, and most of the great nobles, including twelve earls and thirteen lords, were slain, and the remainder departed from the field during the night. The total loss on the Scottish side exceeded 10,000, and 'there is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history who did not lose a relative there.' The battle took place on September 9, 1513.

A large portion of the description of the battle in *Marmion* is said to have been composed by Scott while galloping on Portobello sands during the manœuvres of the mounted volunteer corps in which he held the appointment of quartermaster.

THE MARCH. Canto VI. st. xviii. l. 14—st. xx.

21. *Barmore-wood.* Opposite Flodden hill, on the south side of the river Till.

37. *Gothic arch.* Twisel Bridge.

59. *Douglas.* 'Good Lord James of Douglas,' the supporter of Robert Bruce.

60. *Randolph.* Sir Thomas Randolph, nephew of Robert Bruce.

61. *wight.* Strong, brave.

THE ATTACK. St. xxv. l. 10—st. xxvii. l. 21.

1. *bent.* Field (*lit.* grass).

52. *Badenoch.* A mountainous tract in Inverness-shire, in which the Spey has its source.

68. *slogan.* War-cry.

THE LAST STAND. St. xxxii. l. 1–19, and st. xxxiv.

With this description should be compared Professor W. E. Aytoun's Lay, *Edinburgh after Flodden*, especially the fine passage beginning :—

> No one failed him, he is keeping
> Royal state and semblance still.

5. *vaward.* Vanguard.

7. The horn of Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, which carried a fabulous distance. Roland was surprised at Roncesvalles, in the Pyrenees, and blew his horn for help, but he was killed before Charles and the rest of the army could come up. Fontarabia is on the coast of Spain, on the Bay of Biscay, just at the frontier. The paladins were Charles's knights, among the chief of whom were Roland and Olivier.

LVI. PAGE 121.

Scott actually did the ride herein described to assure himself that it could be done in the time. The line followed is the following. The hunt starts in Glen Artney, a large valley N.E. of Callander which opens into Strathearn. From his lair the stag strikes S. up the slopes of 'Uam-Var,' or rather Uamh-Mhor,

'the big cave' (l. 49), (pronounced *Ua-Vor*, or perhaps locally, *Ua-Var*, as Scott says), which divides Glen Artney from the valley of the Teith. Ben Voirlich, whence the echo rebounds, stands opposite Uamh-Mhor on the N. side of Glen Artney. The hunt, on reaching the crest of the hill, looks down across the Teith over the district of Menteith, beyond which lie Aberfoyle and Loch Ard on the Forth, where the stag 'ponders refuge.' However, he turns W. along the Teith to the string of lakes, Vennachar, Achray (to this day densely wooded, l. 67), and Katrine, lying between Ben Venue on the S. and Ben Ledi on the N. Thus the hunt descends into the valley near Callander, crosses the Keltie Water at Cambusmore and the Teith at Bochastle, gradually growing fewer and fewer, till at the Brig of Turk, between Loch Vennachar and Loch Achray, one rider alone is left. The Trossachs is a narrow wooded defile, between steep rocks, forming the direct road between Loch Achray and Loch Katrine, while the stream takes a bend to the south. Before the road was made, however, it was closed by rocks at the W. end.

THE CHASE. *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto I. sts. i.—x.

93. *Saint Hubert.* The patron saint of hunting. The breed is a black, short-legged bloodhound, not fast, but of keen scent, and mighty of body.

111. *whinyard.* Short sword, or hunting-knife.

LVII. PAGE 126.

THE OUTLAW. *Rokeby*, Canto III. st. xvi. The 'riddle' is not hard to read. In spite of the thoroughly romantic tone, the song presents to us no mere conventional outlaw whether of the ruffian or heroic type; there is an undercurrent of genuine pathos.

LVIII. PAGE 129.

Written for Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816. It is founded on 'a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan MacDonald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own.'—Scott.

PIBROCH. A pipe tune.

1. *Donuil Dhu.* Black Donald (pronounced 'Donnel Doo').

12. *Inverlocky.* Except for the rhyme, which is impossible in English, this should be Inverlochy.

13. *plaid.* Pronounced in Scotch as written, to rhyme with 'blade'; not, as usually supposed, 'plad.'

35. *eagle plume.* The mark of a chieftain.

36. *heather.* The bell-heather, the badge of the MacDonalds.

LIX. Page 130.

THE OMNIPOTENT. From *The Antiquary*, chap. x.

2. *carle.* A rustic, peasant.

LX. Page 131.

THE RED HARLAW. From *The Antiquary*, chap. xl. The 'Red Harlaw' is the battle of Harlaw, fought in 1411 between Donald, Lord of the Isles, who laid claim to the Earldom of Ross, and the Saxon and Norman nobility of the mainland. Donald was forced to retire and to renounce his claim, and the battle, says Scott, 'might be said to determine whether the Gaelic or the Saxon race should be predominant in Scotland.' The first stanza is a fragment of another ballad (also Scott's own, no doubt): 'I'll begin a bonnier ane than that,' says the singer, and goes on, 'Now haud your tongue,' etc.

9. *coronach.* A lament over the dead.

Bennachie. A mountain in the district of Garioch, Aberdeenshire, near the farm of Harlaw.

10. *Don.* A river of Aberdeenshire.

15. *chafron.* 'Equivalent, perhaps, to *chevron*;—the word's worth a dollar.'—Scott.

19. *branking.* Leaping. Properly said of a horse chafing at the curb.

28. *jeopardie.* Fr. *jeu partie*, divided game, hence 'a match.'

48. *kerne.* A light-armed foot-soldier of the Highlands or Ireland.

LXI. Page 133.

FAREWELL. From *The Pirate*, chap. xxiii.

LXII. Page 134.

John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, the hero of this song, was a gallant supporter of James II., who fell in the victorious engagement at Killiecrankie in 1689. He had learned of a plot among the Covenanters to assassinate him, and on making representations to the Convention, was met with scorn by the Duke of Hamilton, and resolved to retire into the Highlands. He therefore took horse with some fifty troopers who had deserted to him in England. To a friend who questioned him whither he was going, he is said to have replied: 'Wherever the spirit of Montrose shall direct me.' He stopped at the castle and tried to induce the Duke of Gordon, who was governor, to accompany him, but without success.

BONNIE DUNDEE. From *The Doom of Devergoil*, Act II. Sc. ii.

13. *Bow.* A curved street. The West Bow in Edinburgh.

14. *Ilk.* Each.
carline. An old woman.
flyting. Scolding.
pow. Head.
15. *couthie.* Kind.
17. *Grassmarket.* For long the place of execution in Edinburgh.
22. *gullies.* Large knives.
27. *Mons Meg.* An old cannon of Edinburgh Castle. It was later removed to London; and it was Scott who obtained its restitution to its original home.
30. *Montrose.* James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. See No. XVIII.
35. *Duniewassals.* Yeomen; a small landholder in the High lands.
37. *target.* A round shield.
barkened. Tanned.
47. *Ravelston.* An estate in the parish of Corstorphine, W. of Edinburgh, belonging to Alexander Keith, a relation of Scott's.
Clermiston. Another estate in the parish of Corstorphine.

LXIII. PAGE 136.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. (Born at Ottery St. Mary 1772, son of John Coleridge, the vicar; entered Christ's Hospital 1782; Jesus College, Cambridge, 1791; enlisted 1793; bought out 1794; married and settled at Clevedon 1795; *Lyrical Ballads*, with Wordsworth, 1798; travelled in Germany 1798–99; moved to Keswick 1800; visited Malta and Italy 1804–6; settled at Highgate 1816; died 1834.) In Coleridge an early bent for medicine gave way to a passion for metaphysics, while an early love-affair turned his mind to poetry. Politics, too, and economics absorbed the attention of the circle of which he and Southey were the most conspicuous figures. He was also, and long remained, the intimate friend of Wordsworth. He was never, however, either a successful *littérateur* or philosopher, his energies being paralysed by constraint and dissipated by the indolence and impulsiveness of his nature, and in later days the abuse of opium. His domestic life was not happy, and he hardly saw his wife or children during the last thirty years of his life. He had, however, many friends, in whose society he delighted. All his poetical works of importance were produced by the end of 1802, after which his labours were journalistic (in which he was never successful), critical (in which he excelled), and philosophic (which, though important, are somewhat fragmentary). He alone among English writers, however, stands in the first rank alike as a poet, a critic, and a philosopher. *Kubla Khan* was written in 1797, but remained unpublished till 1816. For the story of its composition, see Mr. Henley's notes.

ROMANCE. 'Kubla Khan.'

1. *Xanadu.* Abyssinia. 'In Xanadu did Cublai Can build a stately palace.'—Purchas's *Pilgrim.* The other names in the piece seem to be imaginary.

37. *dulcimer.* A musical instrument with metallic strings, played with a hammer.

LXIV. PAGE 138.

Walter Savage Landor. (Born at Rugeley, Staffordshire, 1775; Rugby 1785; Trinity College, Oxford, 1793; rusticated and left 1794; succeeded to his father's property and settled at Bath 1805; joined in the Spanish rising 1808; bought the estate of Llanthony Abbey, in Monmouthshire, 1809; married 1811; left England and lived in France and Italy 1814, finally settling at Florence in 1821; quarrelled with his wife and returned to England 1835; back in Italy 1858; died 1864.) He was an accomplished scholar, and wrote much in Latin verse. His literary reputation as an English writer is and always was high among competent judges, but he never became a popular writer. His most important works are the *Imaginary Conversations*, while he is perhaps most widely known as the author of *Rose Aylmer*, one of the most perfect poems in the language. He was of a hot temper, which, in spite of his real warm-heartedness, led to family troubles, and occasional breaches with his friends. He fell into money difficulties towards the end of his life, chiefly owing to a libel action in which he had to pay a thousand pounds damages. He spent his last years, however, comfortably settled in apartments at Florence, through arrangements made by Robert Browning, who happened to be there at the time.

The present poem is from the *Hellenics*, first published in English in the *Works* of 1846, and reprinted separately with additions the following year.

The Greek army, embarking for the expedition against Troy, having offended the goddess Artemis, was detained by contrary winds at Aulis. The seer Calchas declared that the goddess could only be appeased by the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, daughter of Agamemnon, who was accordingly brought to Aulis ostensibly for the purpose of being married to Achilles. The legend further states that she was carried off by Artemis in a cloud at the moment of sacrifice.

SACRIFICE. 'Iphigeneia,' 1846. 'Iphigeneia and Agamemnon,' 1847.

LXV. PAGE 140.

Thomas Campbell. (Born at Glasgow, of an old Argyllshire family, 1777; Glasgow University 1791; studied law at Edinburgh 1797; travelled in Germany 1800–1; married and settled in London

1803; lectured on poetry to the Royal Institution 1810; edited the *New Monthly Magazine* 1820–30, *Metropolitan Magazine* 1831–32; died at Boulogne 1844.) From his mother he inherited his love of literature and romance, and during some visits to the Western Highlands in the capacity of tutor, he acquired a deep sympathy with the wild beauty of the scenery. From Professor Miller's lectures on law, at Edinburgh, he acquired strong views on liberty and social relations, which were strengthened during his foreign travels by his sympathy with Poland, which lasted through his life. His poetical labours gained him great reputation, and he also did much miscellaneous literary work, such as editing the *Specimens of the British Poets;* but as editor of the magazines he was not successful.

Concerning the subject of the present piece, see Mr. Henley's notes.

SOLDIER AND SAILOR. 'Napoleon and the British Sailor,' published with *The Pilgrim of Glencoe* in 1842.

LXVI. PAGE 143.

This piece is imitated from 'Ye Gentlemen of England,' a song by one Thomas Martin, a seventeenth-century broadside publisher and seller, which Campbell was fond of singing. It was written at Altona during the winter of 1800–1. See Henley's *English Lyrics.*

'YE MARINERS.' 'Ye Mariners of England; a Naval Ode,' published with *Gertrude of Wyoming* in 1809.

LXVII. PAGE 144.

This battle, in which the British fleet, commanded by Nelson acting under Parker's orders, overcame the Danish fleet and forts, was fought in 1801. This piece was written after Campbell's departure from Altona, when he had seen the Danish batteries as he sailed past in the *Royal George.* It was published with the preceding. For the omission of stanzas v. vi. and viii. see Mr. Henley's notes.

8. *Prince.* The Prince Regent of Denmark, son of King Christian VII.

45. *Elsinor.* Helsingör, a seaport on the Danish coast, N. of Copenhagen.

LXVIII. PAGE 146.

Ebenezer Elliott. (Born at Masborough, Yorks, 1781; married, lost his money, and in 1821 set up in the iron trade at Sheffield; left Sheffield and settled at Great Houghton 1842; died 1849.) In his early years Elliott wrote several pieces of commonplace bombast. His thoughts were, however, turned to more practical matters by the pecuniary losses which both he and his father

suffered in consequence, he believed, of the operation of the Corn Laws, and he became a vigorous supporter of the anti-Corn-Law and Chartist movement. Under this influence he again produced some poetry (*Corn Law Rhymes*, 1831, etc.), which are composed in vigorous and direct language, in marked contrast with the extravagant pseudo-romanticism of his earlier work. He lived to see the Corn Laws repealed.

The present piece was first published in the enlarged *Corn Law Rhymes* of 1833.

11. *Attila.* The great leader of the Huns in the fifth century.

18. *torse.* An heraldic wreath on a helmet.

LXIX. Page 147.

Allan Cunningham. (Born at Kier, Dumfriesshire, 1784; apprenticed to his brother, a stone-mason, 1795; went to London 1810; married 1811; superintendent of works to Chantrey the sculptor 1814; died 1842.) His early songs in imitation of the popular poetry attracted some notice, and led to his going to try his fortune at literature in London. He worked for several papers, until appointed by Chantrey to superintend his studio, and also wrote much original prose and verse. He had walked in the procession at Burns's funeral, was the friend of Scott, and was excepted by Carlyle from his general condemnation of London *littérateurs*.

The first piece here given is from a collection by Cromek (who induced Cunningham to go to London), purporting to be remains of popular song, but really almost wholly by Cunningham. Cromek probably had some notion, as well as Scott and Hogg, of the real nature of the work. It appeared in 1810. The song purports to date from the rising of 1745 and to be copied from Burns's *Commonplace Book*.

Loyalty. 'Hame, hame, hame.' The third stanza is omitted.

LXX. Page 148.

This song first appeared among the 'Songs by Living Lyric Poets' in Cunningham's collection of *The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern*, 1825, where it is given with his name, and merely headed 'A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.'

LXXI. Page 149.

Bryan Waller Procter. (Born at Leeds 1787; Harrow 1800; articled to a solicitor in Wiltshire, but returned to town, 1807; first published poem, *Marcian Colonna*, 1820; married 1824; last poetical publication 1832; died 1874.) He was the schoolfellow of Peel and Byron at Harrow, and in after-life the friend of Leigh Hunt, Lamb, and Hazlitt, under whose influence he produced his

earlier poems and the *Dramatic Scenes*, under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall. But much of his time was absorbed by his legal work, and in later life he produced little beyond some stories and lives of Kean and Lamb.

The present poem was published in *English Songs* 1834, and reprinted in a poetical pamphlet at Belfast the same year.

LXXII. Page 150.

George Gordon Noel Byron, sixth Lord Byron. (Born in London 1788; spent his childhood at Aberdeen; succeeded his great-uncle to the peerage 1798; Harrow 1801; Trinity College, Cambridge, 1805; first published work, *Hours of Idleness*, 1807; M.A. 1808; travelled abroad 1809–11; married 1815; separated and went abroad 1817; lived in Italy till he joined the Greek rising in 1823; died at Missolonghi 1824.) Byron, great-nephew to the 'wicked Lord,' grandson to the admiral, and son to 'mad Jack,' a 'handsome profligate,' was brought up by his mother, an affectionate but violent-tempered and injudicious woman. His father's improvidence had left his widow a very scanty income, and it was not unnatural that on succeeding to the family estates the poet launched out into the extravagance and dissipation common in the aristocratic society of the Regency. His fame as a poet and his personal beauty, in spite of his lameness, combined to make him the hero of the fashionable world. He was by nature subject to fits of depression, and seems to have been alarmed at his own wildness and the intrigues in which he found himself entangled. It seems to have been with a view to saving himself that he entered on his marriage with Miss Milbanke, in which there was 'not a spark of love on either side.' They were separated two years later in circumstances which are not fully known. Considerable popular feeling was aroused against him, and he left the country. In Italy he was often with the Shelleys. His matrimonial venture had not had the effect of steadying his life, and it was not till after a spell of hard living at Venice, from which he was saved by his affection for the Countess Guiccioli, that his mode of life changed. Thenceforth he lived with great restraint at Ravenna and Pisa, writing hard and working with the nationalist society of the 'Carbonari,' of a section of which he was the head. On the formation of a Greek committee in London he was unanimously elected, and sailed for Cephalonia. Thence he proceeded to Missolonghi, where he met Prince Mavrocordato, the governor-general. He was appointed commander-in-chief, and showed great soundness of judgment as well as coolness and personal courage, but the troops were a mere mutinous rabble, and Byron died of fever before anything was accomplished.

The first piece here given is from the *Hebrew Melodies*, written for the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird. It was composed in February 1815. The subject is taken from 2 Kings xix. 35, etc.

SENNACHERIB. 'The Destruction of Sennacherib,' *Hebrew Melodies*, 1815.

2. *cohorts*. Bands of soldiers. Originally a division of the Roman legion.

LXXIII. PAGE 151.

From *The Siege of Corinth*, written in 1815, and published the following year. For his description of the siege, which took place in 1715, he relied rather on local tradition collected on the spot in 1809–10 than on any historical authority. The siege was an incident in the campaign in which the Turks recovered the Peloponnesus from the Venetians.

THE SIGNAL. *The Siege*. Stanza xxii. (ll. 678–722).

11. *horsetails*. Horsetails fixed on lances and used as standards.

13. *Spahi*. A Turkish cavalry soldier.

15. *skirr*. To scour, ride rapidly across. A variant of 'scur,' to graze, skim.

27. *janizar*. Janizary; a Turkish infantry soldier.

28. *Alp*. A Venetian renegade, and one of the leaders of the Turks. A name and character of Byron's invention.

30. *khan*. A sovereign prince.
pashas. A Turkish title belonging to high rank or office.

31. *vizier*. A high Turkish official.

35. *Alla Hu*. The concluding words of the Mohammedan priest's call to prayer.

42. *Coumourgi*. The Turkish commander, and Grand Vizier to the Sultan, Achmet III.

THE ASSAULT. *The Siege*. Stanzas xxiv. and xxv. (ll. 739-818).

26. *Salamis*. An island off the coast near Athens.
Megara. A town on the coast west of Athens.

28. *Piræus*. The seaport of Athens.

59. *Othman*. Ottoman, Turkish.

67. In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles, between the Venetians and Turks.

72. *Patroclus*. The friend of Achilles at whose funeral were sacrificed twelve Trojan prisoners. (*Iliad* xxiii.)

THE MAGAZINE. *The Siege*. Stanzas xxx.—xxxiii. (ll. 947 to the end).

LXXIV. PAGE 160.

This poem belongs to the summer or autumn of 1816. Alhama is about thirty miles S.W. of Granada. The siege took place in 1482. See the notes of Mr. Henley, who adds, 'It is the best translation from the Spanish in our tongue.'

ALHAMA. 'A very mournful ballad on the siege and conquest of Alhama. Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.'—Byron.

3. *Elvira.* The Puerta de Elvira at the N. end of the town.

4. *Bivarambla.* The Moorish gate Bib-ar-ramla on the W. side of the town. It is now destroyed.

13. *Zacatin.* A street leading from the Plaza Nueva in the centre of the town to the Bibarrambla gate.

47. *Abencerrage.* A Moorish family of Granada, famous in Spanish romance.

LXXV. PAGE 164.

Written before Byron's final departure from England.

FRIENDSHIP. 'To Thomas Moore.'

LXXVI. PAGE 165.

The *Ode on Venice* belongs to 1819.

THE RACE WITH DEATH. *Ode on Venice*, stanza I.

15. Venice owed its origin to the tribes of the mainland, who, during the invasions by Attila and the Lombards in the fifth century, sought refuge among the Lagoons. It soon grew in importance, and its first regular Doge died in 716.

19. *Lion.* The emblem of St. Mark, patron of Venice.

LXXVII. PAGE 167.

Don Juan was begun in 1818 and finished in 1823, the third canto being written in 1819.

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE. *Don Juan.* Canto III. The song is inserted between stanzas lxxxvi. and lxxxvii. The present title is taken from the lines of E. A. Poe, *To Helen*:—

> On desperate seas long wont to roam,
> Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
> Thy Naïad airs have brought me home
> To the glory that was Greece,
> And the grandeur that was Rome.

2. *Sappho.* A Greek poetess of the end of the seventh century B.C.

4. *Delos.* An island in the Ægean. It was said to have been called out of the deep by the trident of Neptune, and to have been a floating island till fixed to the bottom by Zeus with adamantine chains.

4. *Phœbus.* Apollo. He was born of Zeus and Leda in Delos, and, being fed immediately after birth with nectar and ambrosia, sprang up and called for lyre and bow.

7. *Scian.* Homer, perhaps a native of Scio, the ancient Chios.

Teian. Anacreon, a Greek lyric poet of the sixth century B.C., a native of Teos.

12. The *νῆσοι μακάρων* (the islands of the blessed, *i.e.* the heroes slain in battle) of the Greek poets are supposed to have been the Cape de Verd Islands or the Canaries.

13. *Marathon.* A plain in the N.E. of Attica, the scene of the victory of the Athenians over the Persians in B.C. 490.

20. *Salamis.* An island off the coasts of Attica and Megaris, where Xerxes' fleet was defeated by the Greeks in B.C. 480.

41. *Thermopylæ.* A narrow pass leading from Thessaly into Locris, famous for the gallant but unsuccessful defence by a small body of Greeks under the Spartan Leonidas against Xerxes in B.C. 480.

50. *Samian.* Wine from Samos, one of the Ægean islands. It was from these islands that all the finer Greek wines came.

52. *Scio.* Another of the islands.

55. *Pyrrhic.* A military dance of the Lacedæmonians and Cretans. With the Romans, however, it became a sort of ballet. The phalanx was a military formation in special use among the Spartans.

59. *Cadmus.* The founder of Thebes. He is said to have introduced the Phœnician alphabet into Greece.

67. Miltiades succeeded his brother as tyrant (*i.e.* king) of the Chersonesus (a peninsula in the Northern Ægean). He was, however, an Athenian by birth, and on his return was arraigned, under the laws against tyranny, but was acquitted, and commanded the Greek forces at Marathon.

74. *Suli* and *Parga.* Towns of Epirus, opposite Corfu.

76. *Doric.* The Dorians were the Greeks of the Peloponnesus; here used more especially for the Spartans.

78. *Heracleidan.* The race of Heracles or Hercules.

91. *Sunium.* A promontory on the S. coast of Attica.

LXXVIII. Page 171.

This is Byron's last poem; it was written at Missolonghi on January 22, 1824, three months before his death.

Hail and Farewell. 'On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year.'

LXXIX. Page 172.

Charles Wolfe. (Born at Blackhall, co. Kildare, 1791; Trinity College, Dublin, 1809; B.A. 1814; ordained 1817; curate of Donoughmore, co. Down, 1818; retired 1821; died 1823.)

Wolfe's career at Dublin was distinguished, and his work during his curacy successful, but his constitution, always weak, broke down after an unhappy love-affair, and he died of consumption at the age of thirty-one. He wrote not a little verse at college, but is now only known as the author of the present piece. It was originally published in the *Newry Telegraph* for April 19, 1817, and though reprinted in several journals, including *Blackwood's Magazine*, did not attract general attention till Byron's praise of it—'Such an ode as only Campbell could have written'—in 1822. Various claims of authorship were put forward before the matter was finally settled in 1841 by the discovery of an autograph copy in a letter from Wolfe to his college friend, Luby, brother of the late vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

Sir John Moore commanded the English peninsular army in its retreat to Corunna in the N.W. of Spain, over two hundred and fifty miles of difficult country in midwinter, pursued by the French forces under Soult. Corunna was reached on January 13, 1809, and three days later, the transports having arrived, the embarkation was proceeding when the French army came in sight and immediately attacked. In the engagement Moore was struck by a grape-shot which shattered his shoulder. He was carried into the town, where he died after hearing of the defeat of the French. He was buried in the citadel at dawn the following day, just as the French artillery reopened fire, and the army at once sailed for England. The French guns paid him funeral honours, and the Spanish commander, the Marquis de la Romana, erected a monument over his grave.

LXXX. Page 174.

Frederick Marryat. (Born in Westminster 1792; entered the navy 1806; lieutenant 1812; commander 1815; married 1819; captain 1825; retired 1830; edited the *Metropolitan Magazine* 1832-35; travelled on the Continent and in America 1836-38; died 1849.) Marryat's first novel was written before he left the navy, and published in 1829, and after his retirement he continued to produce his tales of adventure with great rapidity. When the demand for this style began to slacken, he turned his attention to children's stories, to the composition of which he devoted most of his later years.

The present ballad is from his novel called *Snarleyyow, or the Dog Fiend*, which appeared in 1837.

LXXXI. Page 175.

Felicia Hemans. (Daughter of George Brown, merchant, bron at Liverpool 1793; first poems published 1808; married Captain Hemans 1812; died 1835.) Most of her life, both before and after her marriage, Mrs. Hemans spent in Wales. She had

five sons before 1818, when for some unexplained reason she separated from her husband, who went abroad, and they never met again. She published several volumes of verse, contributed to magazines, and also wrote three plays, one of which was produced, and even met with some success, in Edinburgh.

The present poem first appeared in the second edition of the *Forest Sanctuary* in 1829.

LXXXII. Page 177.

Printed among the 'Miscellaneous Pieces' at the end of the *Records of Woman*, 1828, where it has the following motto:—

> Look now abroad—another race has fill'd
> These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
> The town shoots up, and fertile realms are till'd;
> The land is full of harvests and green meads.
>
> Bryant.

LXXXIII. Page 179.

John Keats. (Born in London 1795; at school at Enfield 1803 (?); apprenticed to a surgeon 1810; first poetical publication 1817; visit to the Lakes and Scotland 1818; sailed to Naples 1820; died at Rome 1821.) It was not until about the age of eighteen that Keats began to write verse, and his earliest productions do not show much promise. The present sonnet, written after a night's reading with his friend Cowden Clarke, in the summer of 1815, is the first poem in which his real genius showed itself. His first published poems attracted no notice. *Endymion*, which followed the next year, was the subject of virulent attacks in *Blackwood's* and *The Quarterly*. About the same time he became acquainted with a Miss Brawne, for whom he conceived a violent passion, which, acting on a sensitive nature, preyed upon his strength and increased a natural tendency to consumption. His affection does not seem to have been very warmly returned, but nevertheless they became engaged. The next year and a half saw the composition of most of the poems upon which his fame rests, especially the exquisite odes, as well as of a tragedy in collaboration with his friend Charles Armitage Brown, and in the summer of 1820 appeared a laudatory article in the *Edinburgh*. But Keats's health was fast failing, and in September he left England to spend the winter in Italy. During the journey he wrote the sonnet—

> Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art;

and on reaching Rome appeared to rally. He grew worse, however, as the winter went on, and died in the following February.

To the Adventurous. 'On first looking into Chapman's *Homer*.' Written 1815, published 1817.

8. *Chapman*. George Chapman, poet and playwright, born

about 1559, died 1634. His translation of Homer appeared in its complete form in 1616.

11. *Cortez.* The Spanish conqueror of Mexico, in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

14. *Darien.* The narrowest part of Central America.

LXXXIV. Page 179.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay. (Born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, 1800; at school at Little Shelford 1812; Trinity College, Cambridge, 1818; fellow of Trinity and settled in London 1824; called to the Bar 1826; commissioner in bankruptcy 1828; M.P. for Calne 1830; M.P. for Leeds and secretary of the board of control 1832; appointed on the Supreme Council of India 1833; went to India 1834; returned, and visited Italy 1838; M.P. for Edinburgh, and secretary at war, 1839; Paymaster-General 1846; lost Edinburgh 1847; Lord Rector of Glasgow University 1849; re-elected for Edinburgh 1852; retired 1856; created Baron Macaulay of Rothley 1857; died 1859.) Macaulay's contribution to literature was almost entirely prose; the essays contributed to the *Edinburgh* were collected in 1843; ten years later he published his parliamentary speeches, rewritten from memory; he began his *History* in 1839, but the first instalment did not appear till 1848, and the end was published after his death. The *Lays of Ancient Rome* were one of his earliest publications, appearing in 1842, *Ivry* and the *Armada* being added in 1848. He himself set little store by these poems, and was much astonished by their popularity.

The lay of *Horatius* is founded on Livy's history. Tarquinius Superbus, seventh King of Rome, had been driven into exile after the outrage committed by his son Sextus upon Lucretia, in the year of the city 254 (B.C. 499). The family of the Tarquins was of Etruscan origin, and the attempt to reinstate them was led by Porsena, King of Clusium, an Etruscan town. Livy follows the popular tradition. As a matter of fact, Lars Porsena captured the city, which was for many years subject to Etruria. The ballad purports to be sung by a plebeian bard some hundred and twenty years after the event, when factions in the city were running high. The metre is an adaptation of the ordinary ballad measure, and Macaulay remarks, in a letter to Ellis (August 22, 1842), that it happens to be a close rendering of the old Roman 'Saturnian' metre, that, namely, which a writer of the period supposed would in all probability have used. For explanations of the names and allusions with which this poem and the next abound, the student is referred to the special editions. The most recent are those by

P. Hordern; Bell and Sons. 1893.
W. T. Webb; Macmillan and Co. 1897.
H. T. Rhoades; Rivingtons. 1899.
J. H. Hather; Pitt Press. 1899.

HORATIUS. 'Horatius: A lay made about the year of the city CCCLX.' The whole poem is here given.

LXXXV. PAGE 200.

This 'fragment' was first published in Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, and included in the 1848 edition of the *Lays*. It bears the date 1832.

LXXXVI. PAGE 205.

Written in 1839. It is not in any of the editions of the *Lays*. See *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1880, vol. iv. p. 385.

LXXXVII. PAGE 206.

Written in 1845. The date is suggestive, as being the centenary of the rising of '45.

7. *Lavernia.* La Verna, the ancient Mons Alvernus (*Horatius*, l. 384), is a summit of the Apennines.

Scargill. On the Greta (cf. LVII.), a tributary of the Tees.

LXXXVIII. PAGE 207.

Robert Stephen Hawker. (Born at Stoke Damerel, Devon, 1803; Oxford 1823; married same year; M.A. 1836; ordained 1829; married again 1864; died 1875.) He won the Newdigate at Oxford with a poem on Pompeii, and published various volumes of verse as well as some controversial pamphlets. On his death-bed he was received into the Catholic Church.

The present is the earliest known poem of Hawker's, having been written in 1825.

11. *Michael's hold.* St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall.

13. *Tamar.* A river forming the boundary between Devon and Cornwall.

LXXXIX. PAGE 208.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (Born at Portland, Maine, U.S.A., 1807; Bowdoin College, Brunswick, 1822; graduated 1825; professor of modern languages 1826; travelled in Europe 1826–29; married 1831; professor at Harvard 1835; revisited Europe 1835–36; married again 1843; again visited Europe 1868; died 1882.) Longfellow's life was uneventful, and his series of literary labours —verse, prose, translation, compilation—succeeded one another with little intermission during his long residence at Cambridge. His mission was rather that of interpreting the old to the new than the new to the old, but his work became very popular both here and in his native country. His knowledge of the languages and literatures of Europe was remarkably wide, though he never laid claim to any very profound scholarship.

The present poem appeared in the collection *The Seaside and the Fireside* of 1849. The form would seem to have been suggested by Schiller's poem, *Das Lied von der Glocke*, on the founding of a bell. The last thirty-nine lines are here omitted. They contain an address to the 'Ship of the State' as in Horace's ode, 'O Navis, referent in mare te novi Fluctus!' (I. 14).

29. *Great Harry.* The first warship of the British navy, built 1488.

crank. Liable to lurch or capsize.

61. *Pascagoula.* A river in the State of Mississippi.

62. *Roanoke.* A river in N. Carolina.

95. *slip.* The inclined plane on which a vessel is supported while building.

101. *Maine.* The most northern of the States on the Atlantic coast.

Georgia. The most southern of the States on the Atlantic coast except Florida.

104. Cf. '*Concordia* soll ihr Name seyn.'—Schiller, *Glocke*, l. 400.

178. *Sternson.* A curved timber running up from the keelson.

keelson. Timbers binding the flooring to the keel.

sternson-knee. Sternson, or stern-knee, the after-part of the keelson.

191. *sheathing.* External covering of any sort for a ship's timbers.

227. 'Sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully sparred and rigged.'—Longfellow.

313. *undertow.* Undercurrent.

XC. PAGE 221.

This poem appeared in the collection entitled *Birds of Passage*, Flight the First (published with *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, 1858), where it is headed 'The Discoverer of the North Cape, A leaf from King Alfred's Orosius.'

Paulus Orosius was a Spanish ecclesiastic of the fifth century who wrote a famous Latin universal history. It was translated into English in the tenth century by, or by order of, Alfred, who inserted the interesting account of the voyage of the contemporary arctic explorer Othere (I. i. 13), of which the present poem is a very faithful summary.

1. *Othere.* More properly 'Ohthere,' from *oht*, dread, and *here*, an army.

2. *Helgoland.* Rather 'Halgoland,' a district in the N. of ancient Norway.

27. *Skeringes-hale.* Rather 'Scringesheal,' probably in the Skager Rack.

92. *narwhale.* More properly 'narwhal,' the sea-unicorn.

XCI. Page 225.

This poem appeared in *Birds of Passage*, Flight the Second (published with *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, 1863). It is founded on an incident in the American Civil War. The *Cumberland* was a sloop of thirty guns which was sunk by the Confederate (Southern) ironclad *Merrimac* on March 8, 1862, off Hampton Roads, Virginia. Her commander was Lieutenant George U. Morris.

XCII. Page 226.

This piece is from *Birds of Passage*, Flight the Fifth, which appeared in *Keramos and other Poems*, 1878 (not *Flower de Luce*, 1866 [rather 1867], as Mr. Henley states).

3. That is, he had burnt Spanish ships.

4. *Jaen.* The capital of a province of the same name in Andalusia, Spain.

6. *Maes.* The Dutch name for the Meuse, on which is the town of Maestricht.

18. *listed.* Arranged in rows (*lit.* striped).

37. *Tarragon.* Tarragona, a seaport and province in N.E. of Spain.

XCIII. Page 228.

John Greenleaf Whittier. (Son of a farmer, born at Haverhill, Mass., U.S.A., 1807; attended Haverhill Academy 1827; edited the *American Manufacturer* 1829; *Haverhill Gazette* and *New England Weekly Review* 1830; secretary to the American Anti-Slavery Society 1836; settled at Amesbury, Mass., 1840; died 1892.) Whittier belonged to the Society of Friends, and was a hearty supporter of the anti-slavery movement, though he wrote little in direct reference to the war. His first publication was the *Legends of New England*, in prose and verse, 1831. The present piece, which has been somewhat shortened, appeared in the collection entitled *In War Time*, published in 1863. The verses have no foundation in fact.

3. *Frederick.* The capital of Frederick county, Maryland.

Maryland. A state on the Atlantic shore; capital, Baltimore.

10. *Lee.* A general in the Confederate (Southern) army in the American Civil War.

24. *Jackson.* Thomas Jonathan Jackson, commonly known as Stonewall Jackson, a famous general of the Confederate army.

XCIV. Page 230.

Alfred Tennyson, Baron Tennyson. (Born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, where his father was rector, in 1809; Louth grammar school 1816–20; earliest publication, *Poems by Two Brothers*, with

Charles Tennyson, 1827; Trinity College, Cambridge, 1828; left without taking a degree 1831; married and became poet-laureate 1850; created a peer 1884; died 1892.) Throughout his long life Tennyson devoted his best energy to his labours as a poet. He composed a great amount of verse at a very early age, but it was not for some time that he gained the ear of the public, nor till later still the tolerance of the critics, who were slow even to recognise the value of the widely popular *In Memoriam*, published in 1850. Nine years later appeared the *Idylls of the King*, which were afterwards added to from time to time. In 1875 appeared the first of his plays, which, although their merit is rather poetic than dramatic, have met with a fair amount of success on the stage.

For both the present pieces see Mr. Henley's notes. Sir Richard Grenville (1541?–1591), who was Raleigh's representative in the expedition for the colonisation of Virginia in 1585, and again in 1586, when he took the opportunity of pillaging the Azores. He was employed on the coast defences at the time of the Armada, and commanded the *Revenge* (Drake's flagship in 1588) as vice-admiral under Howard in the expedition to the Azores in 1591, which forms the subject of Tennyson's poem. Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk (1561–1626), who was in command of the fleet on that occasion, had served as a volunteer in 1588. He afterwards held several naval appointments. The civil career on which he embarked under James, led, after he had held various high posts culminating in that of Lord High Treasurer, to a disastrous downfall in 1618.

Flores is the westernmost of the Azores, a group of islands in the Atlantic, due west of Spain.

XCV. Page 237.

This, like the better-known *Charge of the Light Brigade*, commemorates an incident at Balaclava in the Crimean War.

Sir James Yorke Scarlett (1799–1871) was appointed Brigadier on the outbreak of the war, and led the charge here described. Later on in the day he attempted to lead the Dragoons through the valley in which the Light Brigade had already been engulfed, but was prevented.

XCVI. Page 240.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. (Born at Nunappleton, Yorks, 1810; Eton 1823; Christ Church, Oxford, 1829; called to the Bar 1832; Receiver-General of Customs 1845; professor of poetry at Oxford 1867; Commissioner of Customs 1870; died 1888.) Sir Francis Doyle was the author of a translation of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, of some classical and descriptive pieces, and of a number of sonnets, belonging mostly to his later years; but he is chiefly remembered as a poet through his ballads. For the incidents recorded in the two here selected, see Mr. Henley's notes.

XCVII. Page 242.

9. *Napier.* Sir Charles Napier (1782–1853), the conqueror of Sind, a province of India now belonging to the Bombay Presidency. His march through the desert in pursuit of Shir Muhammad, 'the Lion of Nirpur,' took place in 1843.

21. *Eblis.* The chief of the evil spirits in Arabian theology.

25. *Ghiznee.* A fortified city of Afghanistan.

27. *Prophet.* Mohammed.

29. *Secunder.* 'Iskander,' the Persian form of Alexander, *i.e.* Alexander the Great, as in Secunderabad, the 'town of Alexander.'

69. *Franks.* Among Orientals, the term, Frank, denotes a European.

81. *Rustum.* A famous Persian hero. Cf. CVIII.

XCVIII. Page 246.

Robert Browning. (Born in London 1812; at University of London, and travelled, returning 1833; visited Russia 1834; married and settled at Florence 1846; returned to England after the death of his wife 1861; spent his later years at Venice, where he died 1889.) Browning's first publication was the blank verse fragment *Pauline* in 1833, which brought him more blame than praise, and it was not till about 1846 that his position as a poet was recognised. Most of his work was produced in Italy, where his wife's delicate health forced him to reside, and much, including his longest poem, *The Ring and the Book*, deals with Italian subjects. For the dates of the present pieces see Mr. Henley's notes.

2. If the poet was sailing eastward from Cape St. Vincent to Gibraltar, how did he come to see the sunset over Cadiz bay, which would lie to the N.E.?

XCIX. Page 246.

This poem was written in 1867 and published in 1871 for the fund on behalf of the French after the siege of Paris. At the time the story was denied at St. Malo, but proved to be substantially correct on examination of the archives of the French Admiralty. The reward that Riel asked was, however, his discharge. The incident happened in 1689, when Louis XIV. sent an expedition under the Comte de Tourville against England on behalf of James II., which, however, retired before the English and Dutch fleets.

1. *the Hogue.* Cap la Hogue, the N.W. point of Normandy.

5. *St. Malo.* A town on the N. coast of Brittany at the mouth of the river Rance.

44. *Croisickese.* A native of Croisic in Brittany, at the mouth of the Loire.

46. *Malouins.* Natives of St. Malo.

49. *Grève.* There are several places of this name in Jersey: it means a beach.

disembogues. Flows out.

53. *Solidor.* A fort defending the bay of St. Michel, E. of St. Malo.

C. Page 252.

Walt Whitman. (Born at Long Island, New York, 1819; educated at Brooklyn and New York, and worked as printer and carpenter; volunteer army-nurse 1862–65; government clerk in Washington 1865–74; died 1892.) His best-known work is the *Leaves of Grass*, first published in 1855 and subsequently added to; *Drum Taps* embodies his experiences during the war. All his work is written in more or less rhythmical prose, broken into unequal lines and discarding alike metre and rime, as in the present pieces. Their form has prevented his works ever being very widely popular, but he had, and has, many influential admirers—in England perhaps more than in America.

The Dying Fireman. This piece is out of the thirty-third section (stanzas 210 and 211) of *Walt Whitman* or the *Song of Myself* in *Leaves of Grass.* It appeared in 1855.

CI. Page 253.

A Sea-Fight. From the same poem as the above; section thirty-five (stanzas 223–236). It did not, however, attain its final form till 1881.

CII. Page 255.

Beat! Beat! Drums! From 'Walt Whitman's Drum-Taps,' 1865.

CIII. Page 256.

Two Veterans. 'Dirge for two Veterans' from 'Sequel to Drum-Taps. When Lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd, and other pieces,' 1865–66.

CIV. Page 258.

Charles Kingsley. (Born at Holne Vicarage, Devon, 1819; Magdalene College, Cambridge, 1838; curate of Eversley, Hampshire, 1842; married 1844; professor of English literature at Queen's College, London, 1848; professor of modern history at Cambridge 1860; visited the West Indies 1869; travelled in America 1874; died at Eversley 1875.) Kingsley's life was almost entirely spent at Eversley, where he laboured hard in his parish,

and whence he was in the habit of making frequent journeys to deliver his professional lectures and preach sermons. In the later years of his life he was forced to leave much of his parish work to a curate on account both of his own health and that of his wife, which often necessitated his absence. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the movement known by the somewhat misleading name—at least so far as Kingsley was concerned—of Christian Socialism. He wrote several novels and stories, the first, *Yeast*, appearing in 1848, also a poetical drama, *The Saint's Tragedy* (1848), and a good deal of verse.

THE PLEASANT ISLE OF AVÈS. 'The Last Buccaneer,' written at Eversley 1857.

4. *Avès.* (Bird Island.) A small island of the Lesser Antilles in the West Indies, W. of Dominica.

14. *colibris.* Humming-birds.

24. *piragua.* A canoe made from a single hollow tree-trunk.

CV. PAGE 260.

A WELCOME. 'Ode to the North-East Wind,' written 1854.

CVI. PAGE 262.

Sir Henry Yule. (Born at Inveresk, near Edinburgh, 1820; Addiscombe College 1837; Chatham 1839; Bengal Engineers 1840; married 1843; in the Sikh Wars 1845 and 1848; Secretary to the Public Works Department in India 1855; retired and settled at Palermo 1862; on the Indian Council 1875; married a second time 1877; knighted and died in London 1889.) Yule's chief interest was Asiatic geography, and he accompanied several missions, besides writing papers and editing old accounts. His edition of *Marco Polo* is still the standard. He also wrote ably on the slave-trade question, and produced some verse, partly in the Scottish dialect. On the present poem see Mr. Henley's notes.

3. *The Vengeur.* The sinking of the *Vengeur* took place in an action fought between the French and English fleet (under Lord Howe) on June 1, 1794, off the coast of Brittany. Whether she surrendered or went down with her colours flying, may, with several other details of the engagement, be left to French and English historians to settle among themselves. (See Carlyle on Barrère.)

CVII. PAGE 263.

Matthew Arnold. (Born at Laleham, on the Thames, 1822; Winchester and Rugby; Balliol College, Oxford, 1840; Fellow of Oriel, 1845; private secretary to Lord Lansdowne 1847; married, and was appointed Inspector of Schools, 1851; died at Cobham and was buried at Laleham 1888.) The greater part of Arnold's

poetic work was composed during the few years that preceded the publication of *Empedocles* in 1852. Some poems, of course, fall outside this period, as for instance *Thyrsis* (*New Poems*, 1867), written on the death of Clough in 1861, but his later years were more especially occupied with his official duties and the composition of his prose works. On their publication his poems were coldly received by public and critics alike, and even his friend Clough wrote a very unfavourable review of them. Unlike Tennyson and Browning, he did not continue to labour until he had forced opinion over to his side, but quietly left the public alone to reconsider its verdict.

APOLLO. This is the closing song of the lyrical drama, *Empedocles on Etna* (1852).

7. *Helicon.* A mountain of Bœotia in Greece. The seat of the Muses was originally held to be at Piera, at the foot of Mount Olympus, but later tradition assigned Mount Helicon as the abode. (Cf. *Lycidas*, l. 16.)

11. *Thisbe.* A town of Bœotia, by the sea near the southern slopes of Helicon.

30. *the Nine.* The Muses.

45. *The Father.* Zeus or Jupiter (from *Diespiter*, *Diovis pater*, 'heavenly father').

CVIII. PAGE 265.

Rustum or Roostem was the traditional hero of early Persian history, belonging to the first and second dynasties. He is mentioned, together with several other characters that appear in Arnold's poem, by Omar Khayyám in the stanza :—

> Well, let it take them! What have we to do
> With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
> Let Zal and Rustum bluster as they will,
> Or Hátim call to supper—heed not you.
> (FITZGERALD, st. 10.)

The story of his fight with his unknown son Sohrab, the fruit of an early love, is told by the Persian poet Ferdosi, whose account Arnold has closely followed. It is a widely diffused theme in popular legend, and is found in the old German *Song of Hildebrand*, the oldest version of which, though we possess only a fragment, no doubt had the same tragic ending as the Persian tale. In Ireland, the most famous of Gaelic champions, Cuchulainn, is the hero of the story. He too slays his son Conlaoch. The present extract forms about the last half of Arnold's poem *Sohrab and Rustum*. It appeared in the *Poems* of 1853.

39. *Oxus.* A river of Asia, which rises in the central highlands and flows north-west, emptying itself into the south end of the Aral Sea.

61. *Afrasiab.* A Tartar prince, whose army under Sohrab invaded Persia in the reign of Kai Kaoos.

121. *Ader-baijan.* A province in N.W. Persia.

123. *Koords.* The Kurds, a warlike tribe of N. Persia and the adjoining districts.

281. *Seistan.* A low sandy region in E. Persia and S.W. Afghanistan.

282. *Helmund.* A river of S.W. Afghanistan, which loses itself in the desert of Seistan.

283. *Zirrah.* A large salt waste in Seistan, now completely dry.

291. *Samarcand.* A city of central Asia north of Afghanistan.

292. *Bokhara.* A city west of Samarcand.

Khiva. A city south of the Aral Sea.

293. *Toorkman.* Turkoman; the tribes of the Turkish race in central Asia.

294. *Moorghab* and *Tejend.* Rivers that lose themselves in the sandy region of Merv, to the north of Persia and Afghanistan.

295. *Kohik. Query*, Kushk, a tributary of the Moorghab?

Kalmuks. A nomad Mongolian tribe of central and western Asia.

296. *Sir.* A river flowing more or less parallel to the Oxus, and emptying into the north end of the Aral Sea.

363. *Kai Khosroo.* A Persian king of the second dynasty, grandson of Kai Kaoos, the 'dear master' of l. 365.

392. *Jemshid.* A Persian king of the first dynasty, founder of Persepolis, inventor of the calendar, and discoverer of wine. In this last capacity he is commemorated by Omar Khayyám in the lines:—

> They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
> The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.
> (FITZGERALD, st. 18.)

392. *Persepolis.* A city of Persia, east of the head of the Persian Gulf.

409. *Chorasmian.* Possibly the Kara Kum desert, through which runs the original course of the Oxus.

418. *Pamere.* A high plateau in central Asia, north-west of Cashmere.

CIX. PAGE 280.

These are the closing stanzas of *The Scholar-Gipsy*, which appeared in the *Poems* of 1853.

FLEE FRO' THE PRESS. *The Scholar-Gipsy*, stanzas 21–25.

8. Among the shades that Æneas met during his visit to the nether regions was that of Dido, who had killed herself on his leaving her. See *Æneid*, VI. 450, etc.

38. *Chian.* Wine of Chios, an island in the Ægean. (Cf. 'Scio's vine,' LXXVII. l. 52.)

39. *tunnies.* A large fish found in the Atlantic and Mediterranean waters, where it is, and has been for ages, a common article of food, fresh or salted, or preserved in oil.

45. *Syrtes.* Syrtis Major and Minor were two gulfs on the north coast of Africa (now Gulf of Sidra and Gulf of Cabes), between which lay a barren sandy stretch known as the Syrtica Regio.

49. *Iberians.* The tribes dwelling near the Iberus, modern Ebro, a river in Spain. Not to be confused with Iberia, a district between the Black and Caspian seas.

CX. Page 282.

William Cory. (Born 1823; Eton, and fellow of King's College, Cambridge; master at Eton 1847–1871; died 1892.) His name was originally Johnson, which he changed after retiring from Eton. He was a keen reformer in educational matters, and published several educational works. He is probably best known as the author of an admirable translation of the epigram Εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε:

> They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
> They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed, etc.

School Fencibles first appeared in the second part of *Ionica*, privately printed in 1877, and was published in the *Ionica* of 1891. It was written in 1861 on the Volunteer Corps of Eton College, whose grey uniform with light blue facings is referred to in l. 10.

20. *Chandos.* Several of the Brydges, Barons and Dukes of Chandos, were distinguished in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Montacute. There were many of the Montacute family, among them several Earls of Salisbury, who were distinguished among the English nobles in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

CXI. Page 283.

This piece first appeared in *Ionica*, 1891. The incident occurred, as we are told in the poem, in 1779. Captain George Farmer (1732–1779), originally of the merchant service, was intrusted with various commissions against the French and Spanish, and gained the reputation of a gallant commander. In 1773 he was appointed to the *Seahorse*, on which Nelson was at the time midshipman, and in 1778 to the *Quebec*. The engagement with the *Surveillante* took place off Ushant on October 6.

The Two Captains. 'A Ballad for a Boy.'

6. *Wolfe.* Major-General James Wolfe (1727–1759) fell at the capture of Quebec from the French.

23. Cap la Hogue is the N.W. point of Normandy, Ushant an island off the N.W. point of Brittany; between them lie the

Channel Isles. Rochfort is a town on the W. coast of France, near the mouth of the Gironde, Belleisle an island off the coast of Brittany, near the mouth of the Loire.

28. *reefers.* Midshipmen.

39. That is, the sides of our ship were covered with barnacles and weeds that impeded her course through the water, while those of the enemy were fresh and smooth.

45. *waist.* Amidships. The central portion of a ship.

CXII. Page 288.

The Head of Bran was among the poems published with *Modern Love* in 1862. Bran, according to Welsh tradition, was King of Britain. He invaded Ireland, but was defeated, and only escaped with seven men. He himself was wounded in the foot with a poisoned dart and bade his followers cut off his head, which they did, and the head continued to be 'as pleasant company as ever it was when on my body' during over fourscore years of wanderings.

59. *Torque.* A collar or necklace of twisted metal.

CXIII. Page 291.

William Morris. (Born 1834; Marlborough and Exeter College, Oxford; died 1897.) Morris first sought the public as a poet in the *Defence of Guenevere* of 1858. He produced later the *Life and Death of Jason* 1867, *Earthly Paradise* 1868–70, *Sigurd the Volsung* 1877, besides translations of Norse sagas and of the *Æneid* and *Odyssey*, in which he gave proof of a genuinely epic genius, while his shorter poems, such as in *Poems by the Way*, showed that he was not lacking in lyric power. Many prose romances likewise bear witness to the fertility of his gift. Much of his energy was directed towards the improvement of the decorative arts and the bettering of the conditions of labour, subjects on which he also contributed many papers and lectures.

The Icelandic saga which forms the subject of Morris's poem is as follows: Sigurd, the son of Sigmund, of the house of the Volsungs, married Gudrun, daughter of Giuki, of the Niblungs. Giuki also had two sons, Hogni and Gunnar. For Gunnar, Sigurd won Brunhyld, who slept surrounded by fire, but Brunhyld loved Sigurd, and became jealous of Gudrun. This jealousy led to Sigurd's death at the hands of Hogni and Gunnar. Thereupon Gudrun married Atli, King of the East-folk (*i.e.* Attila, leader of the Huns), and meditated revenge. Atli invited the Niblungs to his palace, but strife arose between them and his followers, and Sigurd's death was avenged by the massacre of all the Niblung warriors. The same story, in a later and debased version, forms the subject of the famous Middle German *Niebelungen Lied.*

It should be noted how Morris has adopted the style of expression

of the old English and Norse writings. One peculiarity of these —carried to its extreme in the poetry of the *Edda*—is the constant periphrasis, such as 'war-wood' for shield (l. 60, cf. O.E. *heaþolind*), and 'points of war' for spears (l. 215, cf. O.E. *ord*, spear, *lit.* point). So also the epithet, 'heart-wise' (l. 95), is typical of many adjectival formations in Old English poetry.

THE SLAYING OF THE NIBLUNGS. This forms the fifth section of Book IV. of *Sigurd the Volsung*, where it is headed 'Of the Battle in Atli's Hall.'

6. *Dwarf-wrought.* In the northern saga, the race of dwarfs, who live in mines in the hills, are always represented as cunning workers in metal.

51. *shred.* Cut or torn off.

130. *Branstock.* A tree which grew in the middle of the Hall of Volsung, 'King of the Midworld's Mark, 'Sigurd's ancestor.

CXV. PAGE 309.

Sir Alfred Lyall kindly informs me that the massacre which suggested this poem took place near Mohundi in Oudh in June 1857.

CXVI. PAGE 314.

The *Songs before Sunrise*, in which this piece appeared, was published in 1871 (not 1877).

CXVII. PAGE 315.

This poem is from *Poems and Ballads*, third series, 1889, where it forms stanza vii. 2 of *The Armada*.

CXVIII. PAGE 317.

This fine piece of Border Scots is from the same volume, where it is headed 'A Jacobite's Exile, 1746.'

16. *Drumossie.* Drummossie Muir in Inverness-shire, on which the battle of Culloden was fought in 1746.

17. *ayont.* Beyond.

25. *mool.* Mould.

haps. Wraps.

40. *wotsna.* Knows not.

45. *weird for dreeing.* To 'dree a weird' is to abide a fate.

47. *thole.* Endure.

65. *Wansbeck.* A Northumberland stream, flowing into the sea at Camboise.

69. *thae.* Those.

CXXI. PAGE 322.

This *Ballad of the Armada* first appeared in collection in the second edition of *Proverbs in Porcelain*, 1878.

20. *Or.* Before.
22. A heavy metal weight was attached by a chain to the feet of the slaves to prevent their escaping.

CXXII. Page 323.

11. *False Prophet.* The Mahdi.
21. *sacred River.* The Nile.
24. *Arthur.* King of Britain.
Charles. Charles the Great, Charlemagne.

CXXIII. Page 324.

Robert Louis Stevenson. (Born at Edinburgh 1850; Edinburgh University 1867; called to the Bar 1875; visited California and married 1880; returned to America 1887; settled in Samoa 1891; died 1894.) From the breakdown of his health in the winter of 1879–80 till his final settling at Samoa, Stevenson's life was spent in search, not so much of health, as of respite from acute illness; but he was nevertheless able during those years to win himself a widespread reputation, based upon a singularly large and varied production. It is, of course, upon his novels and essays that his reputation as a writer rests, and indeed his verse was composed for the most part when too ill to engage on more serious work. If, from this circumstance, it lacks the careful and conscious art of his prose, it nevertheless often possesses a personal and intimate charm of its own.

CXXV. Page 327.

The text of this poem is reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*, Nov. 1889, and differs from that in the *Barrack-Room Ballads*, 1892.
1. *Kamal.* A notorious freebooter upon the Peshawur border, Northern India.
4. *Calkins.* Horse-shoes made with a spur projecting from the front part to prevent slipping. The reversing the shoe is an old trick of the horse-thief.
5. *The Guides.* See Mr. Henley's note.
7. *Ressaldar.* A senior Native officer in a Native cavalry regiment.
9. *Abazai.* A tribe near Michni, north of Peshawur.
Bonair. A province in the Peshawur-Kohat district.
10. *Fort Bukloh.* Imaginary.
12. *The Tongue of Jagai.* Imaginary.
20. Mr. Henley in his note explains Tongue as a 'barren and naked strath—what geologists call a fan.' But a 'fan' in geology is a cone of detritus brought down by a river, whereas a strath is, of course, a valley. 'On reaching the more level ground at the base of the slope, the water, abruptly checked in its velocity, at once drops its coarser sediment, which gathers in a fan-shaped pile or cone, with the apex pointing up the watercourse.'—Sir A. Geikie, *Text-Book of Geology*, 1893, p. 393. This I take to be the

'tongue,' while the gut will be the narrow neck of the valley where it opens out on to the plain.

25. *Dust-devils.* Dust-clouds blown by a whirlwind, as Mr. Henley says in his note. These miniature cyclones are a common phenomenon in the plains of India.

26. *a stag of ten.* A stag with ten points to his antlers.

59. *turquoise-studded rein.* Sure mark of ostentation upon the Border.

60. *silver stirrups.* The Oriental stirrup is shovel-shaped, with a sharp edge used as a spur. These riders do not affect spurs.

63. *A limb for . . . a limb.* A play upon words. A limb in its slang signification=an unruly boy. Note that, as a matter of fact, this people fights without malice, and as it were for the sake of the game. Many enlist on the English side, upon occasion, especially after a fight won by the English.

74. *hanged in Peshawur.* The probable end of the outlaw. Peshawur is the town nearest to the Border in which civil justice is administered.

78. *the Wondrous Names of God.* Of which there are ninety and nine.

81. *The Quarter-Guard.* A guard supplied by a battalion; in this case, stationed at the fort gate.

82. *carried his feud.* The Guides being almost entirely recruited from the frontier tribes, it is likely that many of the troopers had formerly suffered from Kamal's depredations, or had succeeded, by marriage or inheritance, to the conduct of a family *vendetta.*

CXXVI. PAGE 333.

9. *Bergen.* A town on the W. coast of Norway.

10. *Disko.* An island off the W. coast of Greenland.
floe. The surface ice of polar seas.

12. *Dogger.* A sandbank in the middle of the North Sea.

18. *musk-ox.* A long-haired animal of the ox tribe, found in Arctic America.

21. *Virgins.* A group of small islands in the West Indies.

23. *sea-egg.* The sea-urchin.

25. *Keys.* Low islands near the coast (Spanish, *cayo*, a sandbank).

37. *Kuriles.* A group of islands in the N. Pacific, extending from Kamchatka to Japan.

39. *Praya.* Capital of the Cape Verde Islands.
Kowloon. A town in China near Hong-Kong.

43. *Hoogli.* The westernmost mouth of the Ganges.

50. *winds.* Of an animal, scents, smells.

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